

PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

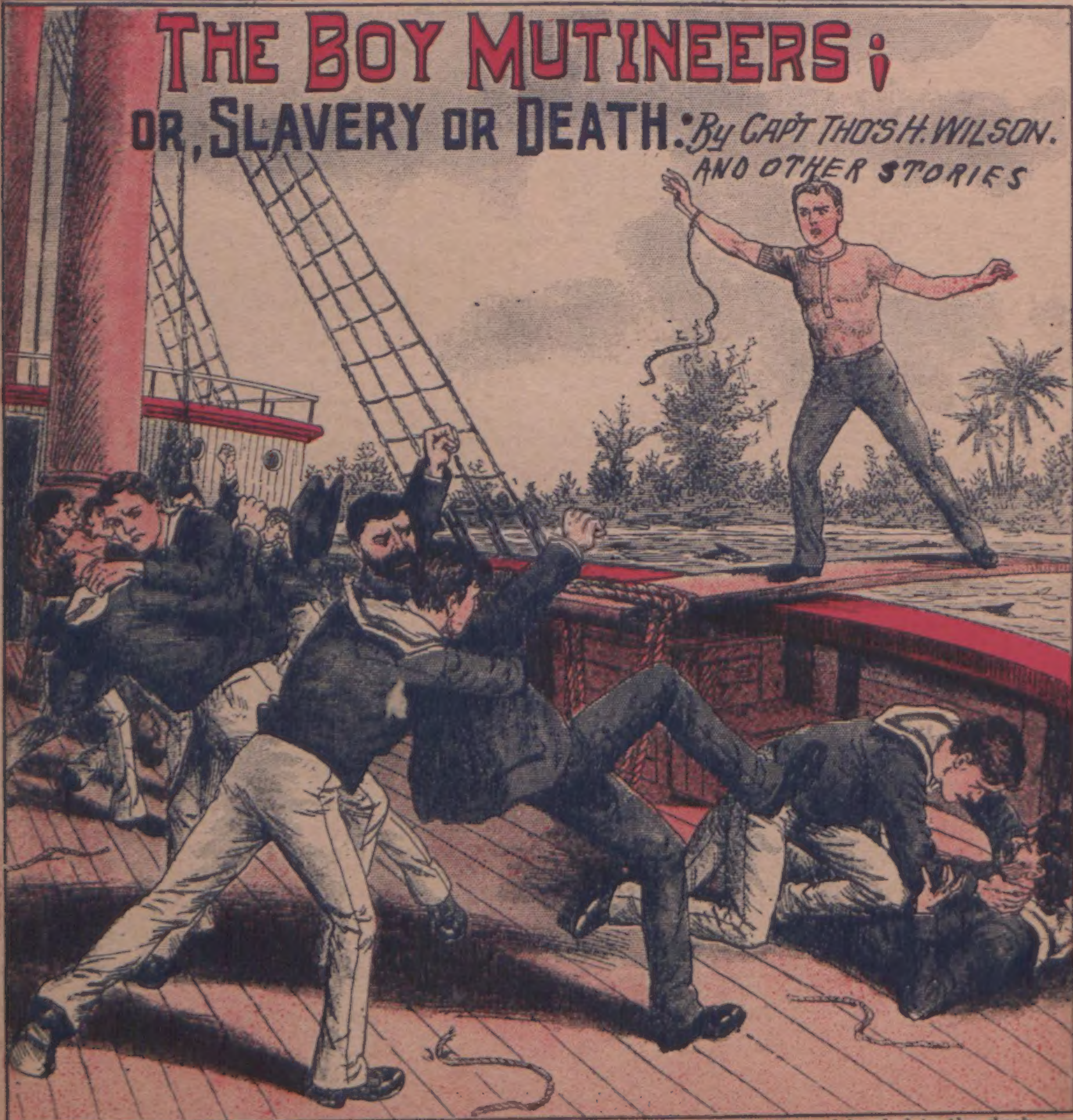
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THE BOY MUTINEERS; OR, SLAVERY OR DEATH: *By CAPT THOS H. WILSON.* AND OTHER STORIES



Every man, including Captain Lawrence himself, was seized from behind, and hurled to the deck with such violence as to almost take their breath. Before they could comprehend what had happened, they were again prisoners and the boy mutineers masters of the ship.

PLUCK AND LUCK

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THE BOY MUTINEERS

OR, SLAVERY OR DEATH

By CAPT. THOS. H. WILSON

CHAPTER I.—Slavery or Death.

"Aloft, aloft, you young lubber."

"Captain——"

"Hush—not a word, dog!—aloft and reef that main topsail, or I will lash you to the mast and flog you."

"I am sick, captain——"

"Not a word out of you, you dog, you slave! Are you not one of the watch?"

"But I am not fit for duty."

"You lie, you impudent little cur. Aloft, or I will have you flogged within an inch of your life."

The sea was rough and the vessel rolled and plunged as she ploughed her way through the foam-crested waves, and the boy was so sick and dizzy that he could scarce stand. He was a pale lad, having just risen from a sick bed, and was wholly unfit for duty. But he had such a dread of Captain Lawrence, who was hated and feared by the crew, that he determined to try to go aloft. Weak and trembling he climbed from spar to spar, sometimes so faint and sick that he scarce could keep himself from falling. Often he was compelled to pause and rest, and then the brutal captain standing beneath him would swear that he would shoot him for mutiny if he did not obey. Standing near the forward gangway was another youth about the same age of the sick lad who had been sent aloft. His brave young heart almost melted at the outrage, and dangerous as it was to approach the captain when he was angry, Tom Jones went to him and said:

"Captain Lawrence, let me go aloft in Jack's place."

"What, you young dog, do you dare to interfere with my commands?" cried the captain, his eyes flashing with increased rage.

"No, captain, but Jack Errol has been sick——"

"Mind your own business!"

"He is really not able——"

"You won't, won't you?" and the enraged captain seized the brave, generous lad by the shoulder, hurled him against the mainmast and kicked him down the hatchway. "I will have you all understand who is master aboard this ship!" he shouted, white with fury, shaking his fist at a group of terrified sailors who had gathered on the forward deck. "I am your master, and you are

slaves, every one of you, slaves! Do you understand that?"

Then he walked aft, where he halted near the cabin and turned his eyes up to the sick lad, who was manfully trying to perform the task he had been ordered to perform.

"Sick, is he, eh?" the captain hissed through his half-closed lips. "Maybe he might faint up there, lose his hold and fall—ha, ha, ha, ha! What difference would it make? Break his neck, of course, or drown him in the sea, but what difference would it make? I get five thousand if he never returns alive—ha, ha, ha! Let the dogs show their teeth, if they dare, and I will hang every one of them to the yardarm!"

Captain Lawrence was known as a hard master. His crew dreaded him, and on this voyage he had seemed more cruel than usual. Some of the sailors thought he must be drinking too much grog, as they had never known him to be so hard on them before. He walked the deck for hours at a time during the gale, swearing at the wind, and making the men on duty perform feats which seemed almost impossible.

He entertained special hatred for the sailor lad, Jack Errol. Jack was on his first voyage, having been sent to sea by his uncle, with whom he was living, for Jack was an orphan boy. His father had been master of a ship, and was lost at sea while Jack was an infant, and then his mother died, and he went to live with his uncle, Isaac Errol, in Baltimore. His Uncle Isaac had three sons and two daughters of his own, and though he was a rich man he found that there was no room at his house for his brother's child. Jack occupied a menial position in the household, and though his father had left him a considerable amount of property, he was left in ignorance of the fact.

His Uncle Isaac at last concluded that it was necessary for the future welfare of his dead brother's child that he should go to sea. So he made arrangements with Captain Lawrence of the good ship Betsy Ann, which was fitting out for a voyage to the East Indies, to take Jack along. The lad was seized with a fever the second day out, and after several weeks was at last able to be on deck. The Betsy Ann was now in the Pacific Ocean, and Jack, as we have seen,

was convalescent, but wholly unfit for duty, when he was sent aloft in the gale.

"Well, I believe he'll succeed and get down with a whole neck after all," the captain remarked, as he saw Jack Errol, who, having completed his task, start down among the rigging. "Well—well, he may get off this time, but I will yet see to it, Jack Errol, that you never get back to Baltimore."

He watched the pale, trembling youth as he reached the deck and went below to his quarters. Jack was groping his way along under hatches, when he heard a groan.

"Who is there?" he asked.

"It's me, Jack."

"Tom—Tom Jones, what's the matter?"

"Did you make the reef, Jack?"

"Yes, but it was almost too much for me. I couldn't have stayed another minute up there; it made me so sick and dizzy I came nearly falling. But what's the matter with you, Tom?"

"I am hurt?"

"Who hurt you?"

"The captain struck me, threw me against the mainmast, and kicked me down the hatchway."

"Why, Tom, what did he do that for?"

"Because I offered to go aloft for you when I saw that you were too sick and weak to do it without danger o' fallin'."

"He's a brute!" cried Jack Errol, in a voice that was husky with ill-concealed rage. "He's nothin' but a brute. No human being would send me up there when I could scarce walk."

"He swears that we are his slaves," said Tom.

"So we are."

It was too dark for the boys to distinctly make out each other's features, but Tom thought he could see Jack Error's eyes flash with fire as he gave utterance to the short sentence quoted above. Slavery! At the very thought the lads gritted their teeth. Several moments passed in silence, and then Jack Errol who was a boy of great spirit, seemed to rise above boyhood and weakness, and cried:

"Oh, Tom, Tom, how can we stand it? Slaves, his slaves! I won't stand it!"

"Better keep a close mouth, messmate," said a voice but a short distance away.

Both boys started up from the bale of goods on which they had been sitting with exclamations of alarm. Jack knew that he had said enough to forfeit his life, should his words be conveyed to the captain's ears. Both were trembling like aspen leaves, when a sailor rose from a pallet where he had been lying and said:

"Don't ye fear me, messmates. It's not in Luke Tyrrol's make-up to blow on a shipmate. No, blast my top-riggin' ef I'll ever give ye away, but, Jack, ye'd better not talk that way afore anybody else."

"It's all true, Luke," Jack answered. "I can't stand it any longer."

"D'ye want ter swing at the yardarm, shipmate?" asked Luke in a hoarse whisper, as he seized Jack's hand.

"Better die than live a life of slavery."

"If the captain hears ye, he'll have no mercy on ye, Jack, 'cause he's got no love for ye. I've seen that all along. Don't ye know sich talk is mutiny, and mutiny is death?"

"I know it, Luke, but I'm not the only one

he treats like a dog. He flogs all of us, and without any cause, too. We'd better hang at the yardarm than be slaves."

"Hush—lad—don't talk that way. Ye speak too loud. Bill Collins ain't far away, an' ef he hears ye, shiver my timbers ef he don't give it away to the capen, and then ye'll swing. Better go slow."

"What do you mean, Luke?"

"Don't ye be talkin' anything about mutiny, leastways not quite so loud, or someone'll hear it," and with this cautiously whispered advice Luke Tyrrol crept from the hold to the deck above, as it was his time to go on duty.

The two boys sat several moments after he had been gone, each silent and thoughtful. Jack's thinking, however, was to some purpose. He had seemed to read the heart of his captain, and concluded that it was his determination to murder the members of his crew, whom he hated.

"Tom," he at last whispered, "let us do it!"

"Do what?" asked Tom.

"Seize the ship, and make Captain Lawrence leave it."

"What—mutiny! Why, shipmate, we would swing for that."

"Well, it will be death anyway. If we must die, let it be like brave men, and not like cowardly slaves."

Tom though a moment on the subject, and at last said:

"Well, Jack, we would certainly bring down the vengeance of Captain Lawrence on us, and be sure to fail."

"Fail!" cried Jack, in a voice that had a manly ring in it. "I tell you, messmate, that for the brave and determined there is no such a word as fail. We can succeed!"

"Even if we did what would we do?" Tom asked. "We would be mutineers, and regarded as little better than pirates. We'd never dare go into port, and cruisers would be sent after us, unless—unless——"

"Unless what, Tom?"

"Unless we took Captain Lawrence's life."

Jack shuddered at the bare thought of taking human life. All that Tom said he fully realized and appreciated. The boy heaved a sigh and then asked:

"Then, Tom, what are we to do? We cannot live out our term in this manner. He will kill us. Can we not desert at the first port?"

"No; he always keeps a close watch on those who would be liable to desert. They will not be allowed to go ashore."

Jack groaned. He knew that the great ocean would soon be his grave, and he was ready to welcome friendly death which would release him from slavery. In order to turn their thoughts from their own gloomy condition the boys, who had been acquaintances and friends but a few weeks, began to relate their past history to each other. Jack's life we have already sketched. Tom's was somewhat similar; we give it in his own words, as he told it to Jack.

"My earliest recollections," he said, "were of being on shipboard. My father was a captain, and he had taken mother and I on a cruise with him. Three or four years later mother, my baby sister, and I went with father on another cruise, and our ship was burned at sea. In the

hurry to escape I was put in a different boat from my parents and little sister. For many days we were on the water, and came near perishing, but were at last picked up by a passing vessel, and I came near dying. The boat in which my parents and little sister were was never heard from, and they beyond a doubt died miserable deaths."

Jack had listened to his sad story to the end, and was about to say something to console his noble-hearted friend for his sad bereavement, when the hateful voice of Captain Lawrence was heard at the gangway.

"Below there, you dogs! On deck with you, or I will come down with a cat-o'-nine tails and drive you up like a herd of swine!"

"Oh, mercy!" gasped Tom, whose sides still ached from the chastisement he had received. "He will surely murder us!"

"Come on, Tom, and if you do fear him don't show it," said Jack, his proud spirit seeming to make strong his frail body.

"I will! The tyrant shall not see me tremble!"

"Below there—ahoy!" cried the captain at the upper gangway.

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the response of the boys.

"Come on deck, or I'll make you wish you had no backs, you lazy dogs!"

The two sailor lads bounded up the companion-ladder, and the captain, who stood at the top with a short piece of rope in his hand, struck each of them a blow as they came up. Though smarting under the blow, and burning with humiliation, Jack Errol uttered no word of complaint. Silent and sullen as convicts, the sailors gathered about the main hatchway to wait orders. The wind was blowing quite a gale, and Jack, whose blood had been thinned by sickness, shivered as the sharp wind whistled through his packet.

"Man the braces, you dogs, reef every sail, or the mast will go by the board!" thundered the captain.

Jack Errol was standing near the larboard gunwale clinging to one of the shrouds, so weak that he scarce could maintain his position while the ship rolled from side to side. No one could understand what object Captain Lawrence had in changing the ship's course, but there was not a sailor or officer dared offer any protest.

"What are you doing there, you lazy lubber? Aloft among the shrouds!" yelled the captain, rushing at Jack with his hand raised for a blow. At this moment a larger wave than usual struck the vessel's side, and pitched it in the opposite direction with such force that the captain fell against Jack and knocked him over the gunwale into the waves below.

CHAPTER II.—The Mutiny.

"Man overboard! Man overboard! Lay to!" cried Tom, who had witnessed the deliberate attempt of Captain Lawrence to murder the youth. At the same moment Tom seized a hen-coop and threw it overboard.

"What do you mean?" roared the infuriated captain, who began to fear that his would-be victim would be rescued. "I command here, and not you."

But Tom heard not a word he said. Next moment he had leaped over the side of the vessel, and was among the waves. As they were changing the course of the vessel at the moment Jack was thrown overboard, the ship had moved but a very short distance from the time that event had transpired until Tom was also in the water. Jack had just time to sink once and come to the top, when Tom seized him and dragged him on the hen-coop. The sailors had heard the sharp command of Tom, and pretending to believe that it was from the captain, had lowered a boat before the ill-natured master could comprehend what they intended doing.

"What do you mean?" roared the infuriated captain, who began to fear that his would-be victim would be rescued. "I command here, and not you."

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"Hold there, you dogs, you lubbers, you thieves, slaves," he shouted, stamping his foot upon the deck, while he frothed at the mouth in rage; but the sailors picked up the lads and brought them safely aboard.

Captain Lawrence, finding himself thwarted in this manner, became more tyrannical than ever. He hardly dared take life, but he did everything to make Jack miserable. The other sailors noticed it, and soon whispers went about among them. Luke Tyrrol was regarded as a brave, prudent man, and his advice was sought, but he carefully avoided giving any opinion. Several days had passed since the events above recorded—days filled with anguish and suffering, brought about by the tyranny of the captain. It was late one night when Jack came off his watch and went aft, where several of his comrades, Tom among the others, were assembled.

"I tell you, boys, I can't stand it any longer, nor I won't!" said Jack. His shoulder was still smarting under a blow from the captain.

A moment the group of young sailors were silent, and then one of them asked:

"Well, what are we going to do, Jack?"

"Mutiny!" he whispered.

No one started at this bold whisper, as they would have done a few days before, for mutiny had been on their minds for some time.

"When?" Tom asked.

"Now—this very night."

"What do you propose ter do?" one of the sailors ventured to ask.

"To seize the ship, make Captain Lawrence, his mates, the steward, the supercargo, and all that stand in with the captain prisoners. We'll not hurt anybody if we can help it—but I am determined to be a slave no longer."

"What'll ye do with 'em, shipmate?"

"Put 'em in a boat and set 'em adrift in the ocean, and let 'em shift for themselves. Give them plenty water and provisions, but no arms."

"And what'll we do?"

"We will have to go to some island and live. It would be better to be marooned on some desert island than be a slave and beaten like slaves."

His companions were thoughtful a moment, and at last Tom said:

"Jack's right."

"In court he is," put in another.

"Let's stand by him," responded a third.

"You bet we will," a fourth answered.

"Now, shipmates, we understand each other," said Jack, after carefully surveying the part of the ship in which they were congregated, to make sure that no one was listening. "Let us talk business."

"Ay, ay, lads, talk business," said another.

"How many of you have pistols? I have a revolver and two boat pistols. So has Tom. How many of the others are armed?"

By a careful inspection it was ascertained that all save two had some kind of firearms, and Jack and Tom supplied them.

"Now we will have the captain, his mates, the steward, supercargo, and probably Bill Collins and Jake Watson against us. All the others will be our friends. We must arm ourselves by midnight and assemble at the mainmast. The signal will be a blow upon the mast with a hammer. As soon as you hear it all must get to places. Four will go to Captain Lawrence's cabin and seize him while he's in bed, and the others look after the rest. Get your weapons."

"Py shemany, I vos got 'im now," said Jake Brinesky, a young German sailor, holding up his revolver.

"So have we," answered five or six others, displaying dark, ugly-looking muzzles and glittering barrels.

"All be ready, for we are not going to fail," said Jack.

It was then thought best to disperse, as they might be discovered in their conference, and all their hopes blasted.

As Jack was hurrying from the spot he discovered a dark object behind a coil of rope. It tried to escape, but in a moment he was at its side and had placed his pistol against the man's head.

"Stand still, you coward! Don't you try to move, or I will blow your brains out!" he hissed in a low whisper.

"Yah, mine frient, dot ish so, und if ye don'd geep von tongue sthills as nefer vas pefore, py shemany Christmas, I vill kill you right deat mit my gun, sure!" and Jake Brinesky leveled a formidable-looking boat pistol at the culprit's head. Jack was not slow to make out the eavesdropper as Bill Collins, one of the most treacherous and despicable of all the crew.

"D—d—don't shoot me!" the prisoner stammered.

"Then make no outcry."

"What do you mean? W—why were you taking me a prisoner?"

"You were eavesdropping."

"N—no, I wasn't."

"Py shemany Christmas, don'd you go for to

beliefin' dot you undherstand him, he vill dell von lies," said Jake.

"No, I don't believe him, Jake, but what are we to do with him?"

At this moment Tom and a sailor named Ned came up.

"What shall we do with Bill, Tom?" Jack asked.

"Kill him," said Ned.

But the other boys would not think of such a thing. After some little discussion on the matter it was decided to take him aft, tie him and leave Ned on his guard. Ned, who had a grudge against Bill, would much have preferred to put an end to him and throw him overboard, but Jack and Tom were determined not to shed blood if it could be avoided. The prisoner was taken aft and left under his guard. Midnight, the hour for making the bold stroke, is approaching, and the boy mutineers who had inaugurated this plan for freedom are busy. Tom is quite pale and nervous, but Jack, who seems to have suddenly regained his health and strength, is as cool as if he was engaged in the most ordinary enterprise. They had now gone too far to recede. It was death to back out, and their only hope was in the desperate game they were playing. Luke Tyrrol, who has not been in their conference, is at last found sitting on a coil of rope. Jack cautiously approaches him, and says:

"Well, Luke, the die is cast. We have determined to make a bold stroke for liberty."

He turned about and gazed into Jack's face a moment, and asked:

"Shipmate, d'ye mean it?"

"Yes; won't you join us?"

The sailor shook his head.

"Yer goin' too far, shipmate, but shiver my timbers if I kin blame ye much, though. It's slavery or death."

"It's both slavery and death if we remain under Captain Lawrence's command, and it may be freedom and life if we mutiny. Won't you help us at midnight strike a blow for freedom?"

But Luke still shook his head. He had been a sailor all his life, and accustomed to obeying the commands of his superior officers, so he could not think at this stage of the game of mutiny.

"Shiver my timbers, messmate, if I'll do anything against ye. I believe ye lads kin do it alone without me, but I can't, right at first, help ye."

All attempts at persuasion failed, and they were forced to leave Luke alone. In the meanwhile all is excitement. The boys, with fluttering hearts, hasten to their bunks to seize such weapons as they have, and the nearer the appointed hour arrives the more they are excited over the coming event.

"Boys, it's for life or death," says Jack, as he buckles a saber which he has found about his waist. "It's liberty or death, don't you forget that."

"We know it," responded Tom.

"Py tunder, gife me dot death betther than zo much as lifing von slave mit dot capen vot ve haf already got."

"You are right, Jake," said Jack, "death is perferable to a life of slavery. We are going to fight for liberty, but be careful of one thing, lads, don't take human life if it can be avoided."

"Oh, yes, we understand."

It lacked but a few moments for the bells to strike, which was to be the warning signal for their assembling. Suddenly Tom, who was nearest the hatchway, said:

"Whist!"

"What? Tom, do you hear something?" said Jack, in alarm.

"Yes; footsteps running from the stern where Bill Collins is a prisoner. He has been discovered."

"Quick, boys, not a moment to lose," cried Jack, drawing his sword. "Up on deck! and remember, now, it is liberty or death."

Like lightning he ran up the companion ladder, followed by half a dozen companions. Just as he gained the deck, Joe Watson ran against him.

"On deck, ahoy!" roared Joe. "Mutineers."

"Silence," cried Jack, striking at him with his sword. Joe dodged him, and screamed:

"Captain Lawrence, Captain Lawrence, here are mutineers."

"Down with him!" cried Jack, rushing at him with his sword.

Bang! bang! went three or four pistols, and Joe fell to the deck. For a single second the boy mutineers paused appalled at their work, and then Jack, realizing that their success depended on instantaneous action, cried:

"Ho, lads! don't lose a moment now. Arrest all the others. Jake, Tom, this way for the captain's cabin."

A wild huzzah went up from the deck, and the mutineers scattered to their various places of action, to strike the enemy as soon as they could. Two of the worst had been put out of the way, and they had but five more to deal with. Captain Lawrence's cabin was well aft the main gangway, while his friends were in the forward part of the ship. At the very moment the war-cry was raised by the mutineers Tuttle, the mate, was in the fore-castle, leaning over the gunwale and not dreaming of danger. A young sailor named Davis led the mutineers against the mate whose cruelty had scarce been equaled by Captain Lawrence, while Jack, Tom, and Jake ran to the captain's cabin. The boys reached it, and were about to force an entrance, when the door suddenly flew open of its own account, and before them, pistol in hand, stood Captain Lawrence, his face dark as a thundercloud.

CHAPTER III.—The Tables Turned.

"Dogs—what does this mean?" thundered the captain.

"Surrender!" cried Jack, waving his sword above his head.

"Ho, a mutiny, is it? Take that!" and leveling his pistol at Jack's face, he fired.

The sailor lad had noted the movement of his arm, and knowing that his life depended on his warding off the shot, struck up the pistol with his sword just as the finger of the captain touched the trigger. Even then the escape was a narrow one, the bullet barely missing his head one inch.

"Kill him!" roared Tom, who supposed that his companion had been killed. Tom fired a shot at the captain which wounded his left cheek.

"Yah, dot vos vot I says sometimes mineself," thundered Jake, blazing away with his boat pistol. The bullet slightly wounded the captain's arm, and caused him to drop his pistol.

"Hold! don't commit murder!" cried Jack.

The captain stooped to regain his pistol, when Tom felled him with the butt of his own weapon. In less time than we have taken to describe it, the ship was in the hands of the boy mutineers. Jack paused and rested on the blade of his sword to regain breath. Captain Lawrence was unconscious from the blow he had received on his head, and before he could recover he was bound hard and fast.

"Well, what are we to do now?" Tom asked.

"Have we got all the others?"

"Just so goot as never vas before," Jake responded.

Jake's words were interpreted a few moments later by a report from Davis that all the forward part of the ship had surrendered without firing a shot.

"Where will you have 'em?" asked Davis.

"Bring them all to the forward gangway," Jack answered. "We can't set 'em adrift before morning, and we'll have to keep 'em safe under hatches until that time."

The captain, who had begun to revive, was dragged to the deck and carried to the forward hatchway, where the mate and all others save Collins, who in the excitement was overlooked, were brought.

"Well, we've conquered; we're free now," cried Davis in high glee.

Captain Lawrence fixed his bloodshot eyes on the mutineers, whose features were illuminated by the ship's lanterns, and said:

"You shall all pay for this. Every one of you shall hang at the yardarm for it, my fine fellows."

"Ha, ha, ha! captain, you can boast now, but we'll look after you to see that ye don't harm us. We'll pay ye back kick for kick," cried some of the mutineers, and half a dozen of the sailors who had been mistreated by the brutal captain advanced toward him with the intention of carrying out the threat.

"Hold on, shipmates," cried Jack. "We can't allow anything of that kind. Remember that Captain Lawrence is now a prisoner. You would not strike a man when he is down."

The boys heard him, and everyone retired, thus saving Captain Lawrence a well-deserved chastisement.

"Never mind, my laddies," cried Lawrence, who was not the least intimidated by his captivity. "I will make it warm for you yet, you dogs! I will hang you to the mainmast."

"We haven't any doubt but that you would if an opportunity was afforded you, captain, but we will take care that you have no such a chance," said Jack.

"What have I done, you young dog, that you should cause this mutiny?"

"I don't think, Captain Lawrence, that you have forgotten the floggings you have given us when it was unjust. We all have scars and bruises to remind us of your tyranny."

"You are thieves, pirates——"

"No, we are not. We are human beings, and

we do not intend to be punished any more by you. We are going to be free men."

"Let's put 'em under hatches, Jack, and then talk about what we are goin' to do."

The captives were taken under hatches and securely bound, two and two together, back to back.

"Now we'll leave a guard here with 'em," said Jack. "Davis can stay and see that none of them work off their cords or break their bonds and come up to annoy us."

Davis assented and the others went up on deck to arrange as to the course they would pursue. The man at the wheel was their friend, the wind was light, and they decided to simply drift about until daylight.

"Well, Jack," said Tom, "what will we do now that we've got the ship and all in our hands?"

"Let's go somewhere and form a colony," said Jack.

"Why not go to Spain?"

"Py shemany, let's go to Yarmany und sell de sheep, and lif like von gread pig aristocrat," put in Jake.

"No, no, Jake, that would never do," put in Jack. "We cannot go to any civilized port in the world, for we would be sure to be recognized, seized, and all sent back to America. We couldn't sell it if we would, and I wouldn't sell it if I could, for then we would be thieves and pirates, but we can use it as a matter of necessity. Let us take it, go to some island after we have disposal of Captain Lawrence, and then we will have provisions on board to last us for a year, and in the meanwhile we can build our houses of it, and have the advantage of all the tools."

"It's a capital idea, boys," said Tom. "It's the very thing, and we'll make a colony that may live in history."

"Oh, yah, I dinks so meinself," put in Jake.

"Now, how many have we all told?"

"Fifteen," answered Tom.

"Only fourteen," said another. "You mustn't count Luke Tyrrol, for he hasn't joined us yet."

"But he will."

"I don't believe Luke will have anything to do with either side."

"He will be compelled to take sides now," answered Jack. "He must either go in the boat with Captain Lawrence and the others in the morning or accompany us."

"He will go with us," said Tom.

"That I doubt," put in another.

"We might find out by seeing him and asking him at once," said Jack.

"Well, I'll go and hunt him up," Davis responded, rising to his feet.

The night was clear and the stars shone brightly. There was little wind, and as the mutineers had not determined upon any course, no sail was set. The good ship Betsy Ann drifted idly on the sea, and the light winds barely fanned the heated cheeks of the mutineers. All were young, if not boys. Their leader, as we have seen, was but a smooth-faced boy, and while they did not lack in courage and determination, they were deficient in caution and experience. Even while they were sitting or standing in a group near the main hatchway, two dark forms were stealing their way along the deck.

Oh, Tom, Jack, why do not some of you cast a single backward glance, and see those creeping figures? After Joe Watson had fallen under the fire in the attack, no further notice had been given him. He lay so still upon the deck that every one supposed he was dead. Had they made a close examination, they would have discovered that the bullet had only inflicted a wound upon the cheek, the blood from which stained the deck upon which he had fallen. Joe Watson was not killed, and he was possessed of far more shrewdness than he was given credit for. Weak from loss of blood as he was, he noiselessly crawled back to the stern of the vessel, and so cautious were his movements that no one heard or saw him. He was gone but a short time, when he came crawling back, this time accompanied by Bill Collins, whom he had succeeded in rescuing. The mutiners were still engaged in consultation as the two sailors quietly raised the hatches and disappeared below.

Now may the boy mutineers keep well on their guard. They heard a slight noise beneath, but it was so slight that they did not give it a moment's thought. Davis had just risen from the bale of goods on which he was sitting with the avowed determination of hunting Luke Tyrrol and learning to what conclusion he had arrived, when suddenly the hatches were thrown open and seven furious men, who but a moment before were prisoners, sprang up on deck.

"Oh, ho, my fine dogs, we'll see now who controls this ship!" thundered Captain Lawrence.

"Rescued!" cried Jack, starting up and cocking his revolver.

"Surrender or die!" thundered Lawrence.

"Never!"

A volley was fired by the recent captives, and one of the mutineers fell. Jack saw that their only hope was the extermination of the enemy. Bloodshed was inevitable.

"Shoot 'em down, boys!" he cried, setting the example.

Two or three volleys were given and returned in quick succession. The officers, with Lawrence at their head, charged on the mutineers, emptying their pistols as they came. Jack Errol felt a hot, stinging pain on his forehead, and staggered and fell.

CHAPTER IV.—Luke At Last Takes A Part.

"There, the ringleader is down!" yelled Captain Lawrence, dancing with delight. "On to the rascals—down with 'em! They shall swing for this!"

"Py sheemany, how vos dot?" yelled Jake, firing his boat pistol at the captain. The shot missed Captain Lawrence, but pierced the heart of Joe Watson, and he fell dead to the deck.

This caused a momentary lull in the contest, and Tom Jones seized Jack Errol's body and dragged it back out of reach of the avenging cutlass of his old enemy, Captain Lawrence. Pistols had been emptied, and though at close quarters, yet under such exciting circumstances that they had done but little execution. One had been slain on each side, and the two forces now stood confronting each other. Jake had missed the captain, as we have seen, but he determined that he

should not go altogether unpunished, and so he hurled his heavy pistol at Lawrence's head with such force that he knocked him senseless to the deck. Everything now seemed favorable once more to the mutineers. They had partially recovered from their surprise, and greatly outnumbered the officers. But Jack was thought to be killed, and this had thrown them into a momentary confusing, during which time their enemies hurled some iron bars at them and felled another of their number. Tom, seeing that there was danger of losing the advantage they had gained, assumed command and cried:

"Load your pistols quick, lads, or it will be all day for us. We'll swing for this if we fall into their hands."

"They retreated toward the forecastle in order to load their weapons. His excited comrades made an effort to obey his command. But most of them were young, as we have seen, and the great exciting strain was against them. Jake, who had managed to recover his pistol after knocking the captain down with it, was so much excited that he rammed down the ball before he put in the powder. Others made blunders equally as fatal. During the momentary lull in the attack Captain Lawrence recovered, and white with rage, he ordered his men to charge down upon the mutineers. Jack Errol had also partially recovered himself, and Tom Jones and the young sailor who had been left to guard Bill Collins, and from whom Bill had been rescued by Joe Watson, as we have seen, were gathered about him with three others. Jake, at the head of the others, was standing on the quarterdeck expecting the attack.

"Now, mine shipmates," said Jake, who had momentarily assumed command, "dis ere pusiness will bead ter tupful 'cept we git caught. Dey vill hang us shust so sure as nefer vas, und dar vos goin' to be trouble."

Jake proved to be no false prophet, for Captain Lawrence, seeing that the mutineers were divided in two groups, ordered a dash upon the group that was gathered about Jack Errol.

"Dere dey koom, py shemany Christmas! Shood 'em!" yelled Jake, at the same time leveling his enormous pistol, to set the example. But only a dull click followed, and of all the group there were but two or three weapons that were discharged.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lawrence, with the fury and delight of a fiend, as they rushed down upon Jack and his friends.

Tom saw the oncoming avalanche, and cried: "Here they are, shipmates—repel boarders." He fired a pistol but missed.

A bullet inflicted a slight wound on his shoulder. The captain and his myrmidons were on them with iron bars and clubbed weapons, and in less than five minutes they were beaten to the deck and made prisoners.

"Oh, you rascals!" roared the infuriated captain. "We have you now! We'll teach you how to mutiny! Every one of you shall swing for this!"

"Let us throw 'em overboard right away, captain."

"No, no—not right away. I'll see 'em dance—I'll enjoy their bein' tortured a while first. Oh, they shall have a happy time of it, I'll assure

you. The thumb-screws, the red-hot pincers, and end up with walking the plank!"

Jake, with the other mutineers who had so far escaped, retreated to the after part of the ship, where they stood inactive and huddled together like so many frightened sheep.

"By shemany, dey vas like von great big squall," said Jake.

"They brought us up all stan'in'," another sailor answered.

"What are we goin' to do, shipmates?" another asked.

"We can do nuthin' toward defendin' ourselves an' takin' the ship," answered one poor wretch, who was trembling like a leaf. "They are too many for us. All we can do is to ask for mercy. Maybe if we surrender and promise to be faithful in the future Captain Lawrence will forgive us."

"Don't ye belief dot von bit," put in Jake, earnestly. "Ve vos zo goot as tead right now, eef dat capen got his hants on ye."

"Jake's right," said another. "We must conquer or die."

"But what kin we do, shipmate?" said the trembling, faltering Jack Tar.

"We kin die."

"Yah, dot vos all zo, mein frient, und we kin make utter scamps tie, to, in dem meandimes."

With this Jake gave a significant look at his pistol, which had failed him. He proceeded to draw the load, and despite their danger, a broad smile came over his face at the discovery that he had put down the ball before the powder. Other pistols were found to be in no better condition, and they could not longer wonder at their recent ill luck. In the meanwhile Captain Lawrence was giving full sway to his passions. He stood over the bound and helpless form of Jack Errol, and, after administering two or three cruel kicks, contented himself with abuse.

"You are the ringleader in this mutiny, my lad, and I intend making it particularly warm for you."

"Do your worst, Captain Lawrence. I am in your power, yet I can defy you."

"You can, can you? Well, I'll make you humble before I'm through with you, you young dog. I'll break your spirit before you become food for the sharks."

"What will we do with them first, captain?" asked the mate.

"Lash 'em to the mainmast and give each a dozen blows with a rope on the bare back," was the cruel answer. Some of the prisoners set up a howl of dread at this, but Tom and Jack were both silent, determined to stoically endure any punishment the brutal captain saw fit to heap upon them. They had mutinied against the ship, and knew that according to marine law their lives were forfeited. Captain Lawrence was cruel and unsparing, and no mercy need be expected of him.

"Yes, sir, your punishment shall be as heavy as I can make it," the captain now said to Jack Errol, whom he had dragged a little apart from the others. "You have proved yourself an outlaw—a mutineer."

"I had cause to mutiny."

"What cause?"

"Your cruel tyranny——"

"You lie! You shall die for the act."

"It is only death, anyhow, Captain Lawrence," the youth bravely returned. "I did my best to please you, but you were cruel to me when I was so sick I scarce could stand; you frequently made me go aloft and reef a foretop gallant. You would have killed me, anyway, before this voyage was over. The sooner you kill me the better. I believe it was your intention to kill me when we started on this voyage."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! If it's any consolation to know it, you young lubber, that was my intention. I get five thousand dollars if you never return from this voyage! Fool! don't you see how you have played into my hands? Ha, ha, ha!"

There was one man who heard this cruel admission who had taken no part in the mutiny. It was the quiet, patient, sober sailor, Luke Tyrrol. Luke had never been known to disobey an order, and was respected and esteemed for his courage and excellent seamanship. What Luke heard almost made his blood boil.

"Captain Lawrence," said Luke Tyrrol, laying his hand on the arm of the captain, "what do you intend doing with the mutineer prisoners?"

"Hang every one of them!" was the answer.

"Captain, is it not bad policy to kill 'em when we're in mid-ocean and short o' hands?"

"Who's captain here, I'd like to know? Is it you or I?"

"It's you, capen, but these men are good sailors, and we need shipmates."

"Were you in the mutiny?"

"No, sir. I've obeyed every order ye ever give me, capen."

"And you'll obey every one I give. You shall help swing 'em off for this, see if you don't. Refuse to help hang the rascals and you will be guilty of mutiny."

Luke turned away. His brave, manly heart could endure no more. At this moment a volley of shots at the stern startled everybody, and three of Captain Lawrence's men, who had gone in that direction in search of Jake and his companions, came running back, one with a shattered arm, and the other with a pistol ball in his jaw.

Captain Lawrence bounded from the deck with a yell of rage and astonishment. So intent had been his satisfaction and rage in the capture of Jack Errol and the mutineers found with him, that the others had been almost forgotten.

"What's the matter, dogs?" he yelled, as they came running toward him.

"The mutineers are at the stern, capen, fortified behind bales of goods," answered the mate.

"Tie these fellows, batten them down under the hatches so they can't get away, and we'll have the others in a moment," roared the captain.

The sailors set about securing their shipmates, and the cords were drawn so tightly as to bring forth an occasional groan.

"Bear it easy, lads—bear it easy," said the captain. "It will not be a great while until you will be beyond trouble and pain. You cowardly dogs, you have only a taste of what's to come."

The poor fellows were hastily bound and thrown like so many bales of goods into the dark hold. Jack Errol was slightly stunned by his fall. Another of his comrades dropped upon him, and he managed to roll away a short dis-

tance so as to be out of the range of falling bodies. All was dark, and only the groans of his wretched companions broke the awful silence.

"Tom—Tom!" he faintly whispered.

"A-y, shipmate!" came back the answer.

"Were you hurt by the fall?"

"Not much. It makes no difference, though, we're done for anyway."

"Perhaps not. Don't despair."

"I'll not, shipmate, I'm goin' to die game."

Several of the others gave utterance to groans and cries at this.

"Come, shipmates, be men!" cried Jack Errol. "Don't let the captain and his murderers hear you make any complaint. Don't let them hear you groan."

At this moment a rapid firing above could be distinctly heard. There was a rush of footsteps, angry voices, quick reports, and all the evidences of a fight. Though Jack Errol had but little hopes of Jake and his companions being able to beat off the captain and his forces, he found those hopes steadily growing stronger as the sounds of conflict above increased. At last the hatchway was partially raised, and someone came quickly yet softly down.

"Jack, Jack, Tom, Tom, where are you?" a familiar voice asked.

"Luke—Luke Tyrrol," cried both young sailors, "is it you?"

"Yes, it is."

"What are you doing here?"

"Come to set you free, shipmates."

"What, Luke, is it possible that you have become one of us?" cried Jack.

"I am now a mutineer, and we will make it win yet."

Luke, in the meanwhile, had lighted a small lantern, and crept toward them. His strong, nimble fingers quickly released them.

"How goes the fight above?" Jack asked, rubbing his wrists to once more get his blood in circulation.

"Very well. Jake and the others have made a breastwork aft of bales of goods, and beat off Captain Lawrence and his gang twice. Now just wait here, till I find some clubs, barrel staves, and weppins, to fight with, and we'll soon have this over with."

Every man had been liberated, and with hearts beating high with anxiety, they sat grouped together, waiting the return of the late recruit to the mutiny.

Soon Luke returned with a various collection of weapons and then at word from Luke they rushed out from their place of captivity and fell upon the captain and his villainous crew. Awed by the change in the condition of affairs the vessel was soon recaptured and in the hands of the boy mutineers again. After breakfast the captain and his followers were placed in a boat, provisioned and sent adrift with enough oars to enable them to propel it.

Jack gathered his followers and held a consultation, which was followed by his election as captain of the good ship Betsy Ann. Tom was elected first mate and Luke Tyrrol as second mate. It was then determined to sail for a chain of islands to the south-southwest and then land and start a home for themselves. After sailing for several days land was sighted off the port

how and the vessel steered for it. But when they drew close to the coast they were chagrined to perceive three canoes loaded with natives put out from shore and as they neared the vessel a shower of arrows was sent at our boy mutineers.

But now the boy mutineers sent a shot from their four-pounder among them and the canoes soon were flying back to shore. It was laughable to see them. But now came the serious question: should they land on such an inhospitable island? So it was decided to sail on to another island in the group. Night soon came on and all hands except the watch and steersman turned in. During the night, however, whether because of negligence or the want of sleep, the watch failed to see the line of breakers on the shore of an island and in consequence the vessel went hard aground. All hands tumbled up and when it was found nothing could be done till morning it was decided to wait. When the break of day came they found they were ashore on a rocky island, and it appeared to be deserted. As soon as breakfast was eaten a boat was lowered and Jack and six young sailors pulled for shore. Reaching the island, they debarked and proceeded to a grove of palm trees. But when they reached the trees they found four grinning skeletons lying on the ground under the shade.

CHAPTER V.—Captain Lawrence Turns Up Again.

Tom Jones and Luke stood in the fore-castle and watched their friends land upon the sandy beach and start off toward those barren-looking hills, where only a few palm trees marked any signs of vegetable life.

"The prospect is not very good," said Tom.

"No," Luke answered. "I don't think anyone could live on this island."

"Yet there may be savages here fully as ferocious as we discovered upon the other. It would be a good idea to load the two swivels."

"We can, but there doesn't seem to be very much use."

But Tom insisted that the two swivel guns be dragged from their position on the main deck to the fore-castle, so that if need be, they might be able to sweep the shore with them. This proved very unfortunate for them in the end, as the shells were, but they did not dream that any other effect would be made on them than to frighten them from the shore, as the guns were pointed toward the hills, and to fire in that direction was no other. They would have been better in defending them from an attack in the rear. This work done, all the sailors crowded into the fore-castle and watched their comrades.

"I don't think they will find anything here for their pains," said Tom.

"It would be a poor place to live," put in another sailor.

"The shemany, von would tie mitout dem vater some of dese dimes," put in Jake.

"Jake is right," said Luke. "If there is any water on the island, it must be of an inferior quality."

He had his glass leveled on the group of trees,

beneath which his horrified companions stood. It seemed rather strange that they would walk around them in the manner they did, so though there was some loathsome object in that grove to be avoided. Having passed around the trees, they continued on toward the hills and sand dunes in the central part of the island. The sun beat down upon the scene, and it seemed as if the young sailors would suffocate. There was not a breath of wind to stir the faintest ripple on the bosom of the deep.

"The tide must be comin' in," said Tom.

Luke threw a chip of wood overboard and said:

"Yes, it is—we shall soon be afloat."

"How long, do you think?"

"An hour at the farthest."

"But we von'd go away und leef dem, frient, mit te island like our Ropinson Crusoe," put in Jake.

"Oh, no, Jake, we are not going to desert our friends," said Tom. "We will just drift back from shore a mile, and drop anchor."

"Oh, yah, dot was goot—me likes dot mineself zome us dese dimes."

So intently were they engaged in watching the incoming tide and marking certain landmarks that were fast disappearing that they did not notice the boat which had pulled around a point of rocks, and was bearing down upon them. The occupants of the boat were not ruthless savages, but five determined men. They had from behind a headland been watching the ship since early dawn. They had noticed seven men leave her deck for the island, and knew that there were but six left. The odds were not so great, and if a surprise could be effected everything was in their favor. This boat contained Captain Lawrence and his men who had been set adrift. They had been blown upon this island on the night precious, and had been hovering about it ever since. Their danger and suffering had been almost beyond description, and their joy at discovering the Betsy Ann aground was unspeakable.

"Ah, the fools—well have they played in my hands!" hissed Captain Lawrence, through his teeth. "Give way, lads, we'll soon be in possession of the ship."

They were coming right up at the vessel's stern, and kept so well in the wake as to be invisible to those in the fore-castle.

"Lay low, lads, bend to your oars and we'll drift along under the mizzen chains, where we'll find a hand hold to go on deck."

Swiftly and silently as some dark shadows swept by a fierce gale over the sea, the boat went under the lee of the vessel. The tide was coming in very rapidly, and it was evident that the stranded vessel would soon be afloat. Whatever the captain had to propose, the crew were ready to do, for once it was decided the attention of the mutineers would be directed toward them. They sprang into the chains, their only weapons being clubs they had picked up from the shore, and Captain Lawrence, taking the lead, quickly climbed to the deck. Jake had walked aft and was returning to the fore-castle, for the water had now grown almost deep enough for the vessel to float, when Captain Lawrence, hearing

upon him and at one blow felled him senseless to the deck.

"Come, quick, no time to lose," the captain whispered to his companions, and with their sticks in their hands they charged down upon the boy mutineers huddled together in the fore-castle.

"Look, look, Captain Lawrence!" cried Tom, catching a glimpse of his captain at this moment.

A yell went up from the mutineers, who were almost powerless to resist the boarders. But two of the mutineers had pistols, and only one of these had the presence of mind to use his weapon. He fired but one shot, and missed, when his pistol was knocked from his hand.

"Down with the dogs," roared the captain. "Ha, ha, ha! I'll show you who commands this ship."

It was but the work of a moment. All the mutineers were beaten down upon the deck, and made captives; true, no bones were broken, but there were some painful bruises, and before it was hardly known, all were prisoners.

"Ha, ha, ha, fools, ha, ha, ha! Think to get ahead of me, do you? Oh, ha, ha, now I'll see that you make food for the sharks."

"We have no doubt of that capen," returned Luke Tyrrol, sullenly, "but we are not the only mutineers. You have seven others all armed."

"Oh, ho! you are there, too, my fine fellow," cried the captain, striking the helpless prisoner a blow upon the face with his open hand. "Luke, the honest, brave Luke has turned out a mutineer. Very well, I'll hear the sharks crunch your bones."

"Our friends will return and rescue us."

"They will, will they? Well, we'll see about that! I thank you very much, my fine fellow, for calling my attention to them. I will now set about seeing that we take in the last one of them. Fore-castle, ahoy, there!"

"Ay, ay," answered one of his men, who had been left there as a lookout.

"Will she float?"

"She does."

"Come then, let's make all these prisoners hard and fast. There shall be no escaping this time, and we'll push out a little way and drop our anchor."

The prisoners were as helpless as babes, and the cruel captain and his men, as soon as the ship floated clear of the bar, set the fore and aft sail aback, and then Captain Lawrence, taking the wheel, she drifted out seaward into deeper water.

Then he had the prisoners carried below, bound and gagged, so they could make no noise, and he and his men began waiting for the return of the boy mutineers. It would not excite any suspicion that the ship was a mile farther from the shore, for the boys would know she had gone out to be in deep water when the tide went out. Captain Lawrence knew that that was what they had expected. Like savage wolves they waited and waited for the victims to come within their reach. In the meanwhile Jack Errol and his six companions had strolled across the hills of sand and came to where a forest of palms seemed to grow up out of the stony earth.

Here they made a wonderful discovery. It was a large temple standing on eight vast stone pillars, with the remains of what had once been

a roof over it. The whole structure was crumbling into ruins, and there was no telling at what date it had been erected. There were evidences of people having been there recently, and they saw near the temple a grinning skull upon a stone.

"What is it, capen?" asked one of the sailors, who had a superstitious dread of the temple.

"It's doubtless a place where some of the savages came to sacrifice victims," Jack answered. He had read of Crusoe's Island, and this seemed very much like it.

"If the savages are on this island, let's go back to the ship," said the trembling sailor.

"I don't think there are any savages here. This may only be an island which they visit. Let us go a little farther and explore it."

Though some of the young sailors objected, they would not utterly refuse. They looked carefully to their guns, and then climbed the hills north of the ruins they had discovered. But nothing was to be seen but small groves of trees and sand for five or six miles, and beyond this the blue sea.

"It's uninhabited," said Jack. "Let us go back."

On their return they found a pool of brackish water. It was so strongly alkali-ed that they could not drink it, and being weary and thirsty, hurried to the ship.

"Hello, capen, she's moved out—she's off ground," said one of the sailors, who was in advance.

"That's good news," returned Jack. "We are saved from starvation on this desert island."

There lay the ship peacefully riding at anchor a mile from shore. Their own boat was where it had been moored, but the tide had placed a broad sheet of water between them and it. One of the sailors waded in and brought it nearer, so they could all embark.

"I long to get aboard," said Jack, taking his place in the stern of the boat, while his men took their places at the oars.

CHAPTER VI.—Walking the Plank.

"They're here, capen!"

"Hist, lay low—don't let them see you," answered Captain Lawrence.

"Ahoy, there, throw us a rope!"

It was the voice of Jack Errol that called.

Captain Lawrence knew that something must be done. If the line was not thrown to them, the boy mutineers would have their suspicions aroused, and yet not one of them dared show his head, lest they should be recognized. The captain seized a line, and, without allowing himself to be seen, he threw it overboard to those in the boat below.

"They are acting rather strange," said Jack.

He really feared that his friends had got to the liquors, and were all in a state of beastly intoxication. The idea that the captain was within five hundred miles of them, never for a moment entered his head. He was only too anxious to get on board the vessel, and began climbing up the rope, hand over hand, toward the deck above. With a single rope but one could climb at a time

He glanced over the deck, but saw no one, and then he sprang over the bulwark. The moment his feet touched the deck, he was seized by two strange men, who had heretofore remained concealed. The boy made a manly effort to defend himself and gave a warning shout to the others, but a hand was placed over his mouth and his cries smothered. He continued to fight with all his strength until a blow stretched him senseless upon the deck.

"The worst is over," whispered the captain.

A moment later a second mutineer sprang over the deck, to be knocked down with a marine spike.

The third man was made a captive the moment he appeared, then the fourth. There was no longer any need of concealment, so Captain Lawrence and his men started up over the gunwale, each leveling a cocked musket at the three remaining in the boat, and ordering them to leave all weapons behind and come on deck at a time. They could do no better than obey. In less than ten minutes after the boat containing the boy mutineers had reached the ship's side, they were every one prisoners.

"Oh, ho! I have you all now, my fine fellows. Ha, ha, ha!" cried Captain Lawrence, as he danced about the deck near where the captured Jack Errol lay. "I'll make sure word of you this time. Ah, ha, ha, ha, you young brute."

Orders were at once given for pulling up the anchor, and the ship put under way. Owing to the shortage of hands, Captain Lawrence was himself compelled to work as an ordinary sailor, and he then took the wheel and steered for waters infested by sharks. They were reached late that night, the anchor cast, and they determined to wait until morning before they commenced their diabolical means of disposing of the mutineers. Day dawned at last. It was bright, the sky clear, and the sun rose on a peaceful calm sea. After breakfast a long plank was run out from the deck over the gunwale, and battened down to prevent it tipping. Then all the mutineers were brought up on deck.

"Now," said Captain Lawrence, "I am going to give two of you a chance to swim for your lives. You can see that the shore is not over a mile away, and I intend to have two of you walk the plank to-day, jump off and swim ashore if you can. Two more shall walk it to-morrow, and two the next day, and so on, until the last prisoner has been disposed of."

The mutineers then drew lots for the two first to be sacrificed. George Logan and Allen Todd, two sailors, drew the fatal lots. George was the first. He stripped off all his clothing and was untied. Two men with cocked pistols stood at one end of the plank to shoot if he refused to jump. Jack Errol, the boy mutineer, stood at the other end, and as George walked toward the water he saw a sharp fin cutting the water like a knife, and he saw the shark's head and eyes. But anon the sharp fin, cutting the water like a knife, could be seen in the distance.

"Jump," George, the young prisoner, had made a manly effort to defend himself, but a hand was placed over his mouth and his cries smothered.

The young sailor ran to the plank, and determined to reach shore if possible, jumping as far out upon the water as he could. Some had been told that the shark was the only danger, and they were all about the poor fellow. In vain he yelled, screamed, and begged. He had not gone half a

cable's length before sharp teeth were snapping off his arms and legs, and poor George went down, leaving a crimson spot upon the water. Allen Todd, who had been a witness to his companion's horrible death, turned upon his captain and begged and implored him to have mercy upon him. But the fiend was as inexorable as the hungry sharks.

"Come on, come on!" cried the captain. "We must get this little job over with at once."

The screaming, begging sailor was caught and placed on the plank.

"Over with you—over with you!" they cried.

Bleeding from half a dozen wounds, the poor fellow was pushed off the board and fell with a loud splash into the water. His companions closed their eyes, but they could hear his cries of agony and the splashing of the sharks as they sprang upon him. His cries were soon hushed, and they knew he was no more.

"You see what it is, my fine fellow! Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the fiendish captain. "You shall be the next man to walk the plank. To-morrow morning is your turn."

CHAPTER VII.—The Island Home.

"Tom," said Jack, when they had been dragged back to the hold and tied, "to-morrow is my time to walk the plank. Doubtless you will be brought out to witness it; but I am determined that they shall kill me before it is done. We can save ourselves if we try."

Luke Tyrrol, who was near them at this moment, interrupted their conversation by a mysterious whist. The voice of the mate could at this moment be heard as he came down the companion ladder. A moment later he was in the hold with one of the ship's lanterns, and gazed for a while at the helpless prisoners.

"Well, you seem to be safe enough," said the mate, after silently contemplating the wretched boys. "I will now leave you for a while."

No one made any answer, no one implored mercy; all were silent. They realized how utterly useless an appeal for mercy would be to that wretched monster. He went away, leaving them in darkness. When he was done, Luke said:

"Shipmates, I have a plan."

Everyone became as silent as the grave, and for a few moments all listened. No sounds broke the stillness save an occasional tread of one of the officers upon the deck. In his imagination Jack thought he could hear the hungry sharks in the water, lashing it to a fury in their eagerness to be nearest the ship when the next victim was sent among them. Luke at last said:

"Listen now, and I'll unfold a plan that will save us all. My hands are very small and wrists large, and I was so tied this morning that I can slip the cords. Now, to-night I shall release my hands and untie every one of you, and will tie you with a false or blind knot, so that at a single jerk you can be free. When Jack is untied and put on the plank to walk it he can give the signal, and we will leap on them. We will be eleven to five, and take them completely by surprise."

Desperate as the plan might seem, it was bet-

ter than such a death. Next morning, shortly after daylight, the prisoners were all brought up to witness the terrible execution of two more of their number. Jack and Tom were selected for the two victims this morning; the bonds of all were examined to see that there was no danger of their breaking them, but Luke Tyrrol's wizard knots utterly deceived them. Jack and Tom were silent, but both pale and trembling. Their agitation was misinterpreted, however, by the captain and his myrmidons. As Jack took his place on the plank all eyes of the five men who were driving him to his destruction were on him. Two brace of pistols were leveled on him, and he was told that unless he walked to the end of the board and threw howself into the water he would be riddled with bullets. His manner was that of a cringing, trembling wretch, and he continued to advance until he was just over the gunwale of the vessel, when he suddenly cried:

"Sharks!"

It seemed a very natural cry, as there were a hundred of those monsters in full view, and no one would for a moment have thought of it being a preconcerted signal. Such it was, though, and no sooner was it uttered than every man, including Captain Lawrence himself, was seized from behind and hurled to the deck with such violence as to almost take their breath. Before they could comprehend what had happened, they were again prisoners and the boy mutineers masters of the ship. Jack had no little difficulty in saving the lives of the captain and his crew. He succeeded, however, and weighing the anchor, they set sail and soon were beyond the harbor of sharks. Once out in midocean the five men were again set adrift in a boat with ample provisions and water to reach some inhabited island, and the *Betsey Ann*, with her crew of Boy Mutineers, again set off on her wandering for a home.

"We will now look to it that no other such mishap as that shall happen again, said Jack to his crew.

Next day, about ten o'clock in the morning, the lookout at the masthead cried:

"Land ho!"

"Where away?" Lawled Jack through the speaking trumpet.

"Four points to windward."

They were soon so near to the island that they could see it from the deck. It was quite in contrast with the Island of Desolation, as they had named the desert island which they had passed. The whole surface was a coat of the most beautiful green. The trees covered the long range of hills running back from the coast, while to the rear of these were lofty mountains, clothed with verdure almost to their summits. They stood upon the deck straining their eyes shoreward, catching eagerly the new land. Never did their gaze upon the new-found world rest so fully, anxiously, and earnestly than the boy mutineers did upon this island. At last they were enabled to see those beautiful mountains plainly with the natural eye. The vessel came around hunting for a harbor, and soon a large bay with the wide mouth of a river, fed from the mountains on the mountains of interior, came into view.

As they entered into this harbor first one and then a host of bright copper-colored natives came

cut from the woods; ran down to the shore, and gazed at the ship coming in. Their numbers increased until hundreds of persons stood along the shore. They were clothed in short shirts, white knee breeches, and wore a sort of turban on their heads. There was nothing hostile in their manner, and when at last the ship dropped anchor in the bay they sent out a dozen canoes with fruits and pearls as presents to their visitors, and made a hundred different signs inviting them to go ashore.

"Oh, by golly, dey will gid us to dot shore und yust go in und ead us oop," said Jake.

"No, no, Jake; I am satisfied that these people are friendly," said Jack, who had been making signs and many odd nods to a great big fellow, with whom he was trying to hold a conversation.

No one was more astonished at that moment than the savage himself. Starting back with a loud cry, he gazed for a moment at the captain of the boy mutineers, and then, leaping forward again, he seized his hand and said:

"You speak de English—speak de English?"

It was Jack's turn now to be astonished. He stood for several moments as if thunderstruck, and at last, finding his voice, he said:

"I do—where did you learn it?"

"White Queen learn me," he answered.

"Do all your people speak English?"

"No—no; only few; me and few. Nobody talkee plain but White Princess. She talkee plain."

"White Princess?" cried Jack, in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"I mean Elsie, the White Princess. The White Princess of Churlhulac."

"Churlhulac—White Princess of Churlhulac? What do you mean?"

"Come ashore, see White Princess, she tell you all. Zukatoo no talkee much good English."

At this moment Tom came up, and Jack imparted to him what knowledge he had gained of the fellow.

"A white princess and a white queen on the island?" cried Tom in a tone of interest. "Can it be possible?"

"He says so, and that he learned his language from them."

"I believe, Jack, that we have at last found a place where we can live; but let us make no mistake about it. Let us go slow in this matter. Don't be led into any trap. Don't go ashore until you know you can safely do so."

"I have it. We will hold some of these fellows as hostages until I have gone ashore and seen the White Princess."

Then he called to the native with whom he had spoken, and asked:

"What is your name?"

"Zukatoo."

"Well, Zukatoo, have you a chief or general on board here with you?"

The native pointed to his own heart with no small degree of pride, and said:

"Zukatoo chief—great general. Do much fight for white princess."

"Well, General Zukatoo," said Jack, with such a degree of respect that Tom had to turn away and grin. "I am going ashore to see

your white princess with some of your people, and I want you to remain here until I come back.

General Zukatoo merely grinned and nodded assent. The cannon were then loaded, the men all put under arms as if an attack was anticipated, and Captain Errol and Ned went down into one of the native canoes and were paddled ashore. There was none in the party with them who could speak more than a word or two of English. The party traveled in almost utter silence. When they landed at the shore, they saw half a hundred canoes lying among the trees. They all greeted the American boys with smiles, and as they were conducted up a narrow path through a dense wood, the multitude followed. At last they came to a village of several hundred huts, built of bamboo and wicker work. They were conducted to the largest and most central building, in which the White Princess lived.

They were conducted into the hut and there saw one of the prettiest girls they had ever laid their eyes on. Her quaint Oriental costume gave her the appearance of a fairy. Jack found that she conversed in English perfectly. She stated that she had been among these islanders since she was a little girl. Jack and his comrades were very much taken up with the queen, and after a long conversation Jack assured her it was their intention to become her subjects if it was agreeable. The queen was delighted with the proposition. So Jack and his boys went back to the ship, brought their effects ashore and set about erecting their homes. Soon everything was going along swimmingly. Months were spent there, when the natives of a neighboring island made a descent on them. Jack was put in charge of an army of the natives and the enemy were defeated with terrible loss. But they were to be attacked by a larger force later, among whom were white men, and they were able to distinguish the whites as Captain Lawrence and his villainous followers, who were leading the native Bobalindig army. The battle which followed was a hot one, but Jack's army were the victors.

CHAPTER VIII.—Elsie a Cpaitve.

"Tom, we must fortify here," said Jack. "We must dig trenches and have a strong wall to defend us, for among all Captain Lawrence's bad qualities, he is not a coward, nor is he a poor general."

"You're right, shipmate. But what are we to do for spades?"

Luke Tyrrol, who had overheard the remark, and who was excellent at preparing for such emergencies as these, said:

"I thought we might have to fortify, and so I ordered a hundred of the natives to follow us with their spears loaded with spades."

Armed thus with rifles, pistols, and cut-throats, the two leaders of the boy mutineers crept from the camp and made their way down the hill-side, through the brush, and dense woods. They advanced cautiously through the thick wood, and had not gone more than a mile before they heard the sounds of voices engaged in conversation. At last they were near enough to

them to hear what they said, and from behind a large mass of stone could even see them. There were but four, Captain Lawrence was nowhere to be seen, and the boy mutineers began to hope that he had been slain by some of the last shots fired on the evening before.

"I don't know whether it will wash or not, the mate was saying. "One thing, however, is certain, Captain Lawrence is not going to give the thing up until he has every one of the boy mutineers swingin' at the yardarm."

The boy mutineers were almost tempted a time or two to level their rifles on them and bring down a pair of the precious scoundrels, but prudence dictated that it would not be best for them. They began their return to camp as cautiously as they could. It was no easy matter to find their way through the darkness and forest.

"They think the Churlhulacs almost as good as defeated," said Tom.

"Yes, and had it not been for a few shots from those little swivels they would have been," Jack answered.

"But where do you think Captain Lawrence can be?"

"I do not know. He seemed to lead the largest of the five divisions of the great army. I don't suppose that he can intend a flank movement."

They reached the camp and were both pleased to see that the trenches were progressing so finely. A long line of earthworks were being thrown up, and the artillery were planted, and the musketeers distributed to a good advantage. By morning the trenches were completed, and everything in readiness. All eyes were turned upon the Bobalindig camp, expecting to see the great army moving on to the assault. The cannon were loaded, the musketeers at places by sun-up, and the bowmen had strung their bows, and placed their quivers at their feet. Old Zukatoo and Jack advised the archers and gunners to waste no ammunition. Suddenly a small band of not more than a score of Bobalindigs were seen advancing, holding small palm trees above their heads.

"It's a truce," explained Zukatoo. "They come to us to make treaty."

But the Bobalindigs were now near enough to make their desires known, and one of them, who spoke English, but did not understand the Churlhulac language, addressed old Zukatoo, who did not understand the Bobalindig language.

"Great chief of the Churlhulac, hail!"

"What my enemies have?" asked the old general.

"Peace."

"How?"

"If the Churlhulac will give up the white boys and men to us and the big canoes and fire guns, we will leave the island, but if not it will be war to the death."

"Go back to your white dogs and king, and tell them Zukatoo can die, but him can't give up him friends."

The Bobalindigs, finding that all efforts at a truce were in vain, returned to their camp, and preparations were at once commenced for an attack.

"Tom," said Jack, "I believe that our shells if loaded with ball would reach their camp."

"Suppose we try a shot?"

"We might try one or two, but we cannot risk many."

One of the swivels was loaded, and Luke Tyrrol who was the best gunner, sighted it. Tom stood ready with an iron rod heated at one end. When the report shook the air the ball was seen to strike the ground almost at the feet of some of the Bobalindigs who were forming, scattering the dirt all over them and putting hundreds to flight. A thunder of horses' feet in their rear at this moment warned them that a messenger was coming. Jack seemed to instinctively feel that some bad news was coming, and gave a great gasp for breath. The rider galloped up to their camp and dismounted. Zukatoo ran to him. A few quick words from the messenger, and the brave old general uttered a wail of despair and fell upon the ground.

"What in the name of creation is the matter?" Jack demanded. It was some minutes before Zukatoo recovered sufficiently to explain. Then he cried:

"All is lost. One white chief with big army went around in boat in night. Capture palace and the white princess. Elsie is a prisoner."

CHAPTER IX.—Shell Throwers.

"Captain Lawrence's work," cried Jack, as soon as he could get control of his voice.

"I know it," Tom answered.

"Luke, what must we do?"

"Send back a force to seize the Betsy Ann and the Elsie. Put out to sea, and our navy can destroy them."

"And the cannon?"

"Must be again put on board the ships."

It became a serious question to Jack if they could reach the vessels without a collision with the enemy. But the beautiful White Princess, for whom the boys would have sold their lives, was a prisoner. What would be her fate?

"Well, Luke, the ships are here all right," said Jack, when they came in sight of them.

"Yes, it's lucky for us, shipmate, that they didn't find them. But I warn you that they will not long be undiscovered. Captain Lawrence is a sailor, and he will hunt out the inlets into which we have hidden away our vessels."

The cannon were hastily placed on board the ships, and they started out to sea. Jack waited until they were out upon the water, and saw Ap-look with near a hundred canoes loaded with Murlhulac sailors join them. He then turned back with his few followers, not over twenty in all, mounted on swift-footed horses they rode to the village and palace. They had been plundered, and were deserted by the enemy. A few of the native women could be seen wailing and tearing their hair and beating their heads against the earth.

"Where are the Bobalindigs?" Jack asked of one of them.

She answered that they were among the fields. Mounted on swift horses, they galloped to the south end of the island, and discovered that the enemy, with their prisoners, had but just started, and were passing westward. Nothing was to be seen but a few scattered huts and

assist in the battle which would surely take place as soon as the fleet under Captain Lawrence arrived. Jack urged the horses to a run, and very soon he had reached the earthworks.

"I'm glad you came, shipmate," said Tom, as soon as the boy mutineer had thrown himself from his reeking horse. "We've repulsed one assault, but it was all we could do. They are waiting now as if they expected reinforcements, and now that we've got no cannon, I'm afraid o' the result."

Jack knew that with the start the Bobalindig fleet had they would reach the north end before their own warships did. They would have them all by morning, and something must be done.

"What are we to do, Jack, we have no cannon?" asked Tom.

Jack reflected a moment and said:

"We must invent some kind of a substitute."

"What?"

"We might bore out some of these logs and make wooden cannon. I have heard of it being done."

Tom laughed.

"We have nothing to bore out a log with," he answered.

"Then we will try something else," Jack replied. "Let us make shells out of these porous rocks. The rocks, I see, are full of holes, we might fill them with powder and put in a fuse and throw them among the Bobalindigs. One of these stones bursting would be almost equal to a shell."

"Yes, but how are we to throw them?"

"I will show you."

It was an experiment on the part of Jack. He had never heard of such an implement of war, nor had any one else. There were an abundance of stones of all sizes, round, octagon and square, perforated with holes. They were evidently made by some kind of sea insects and petrified. It was an easy matter to select hundreds and fill them with powder and put in fuses. Jack had axes brought, and had forked trees cut and fastened in the ground about twelve feet high. A long springy pole was laid in the fork, the butt end resting upon the ground. This was flattened and holes bored, and pins fastened into it, forming a sort of basket capable of holding a thirty or forty-pound stone. In front of the fork, ten feet from it, was another pole twenty-five feet high. In a pulley attached at the top, fastening a heavy block of stone. A hundred natives seized the rope, the lower end of which was attached to a stone weighing several tons, and ran it up to the top of the pole, or post. A stone weighing forty pounds was placed in the gasket. The holes had been filled with powder, and a fuse inserted, and all other holes plugged up. Jack lighted the fuse, and gave the command to let the heavy stone drop. It was dropped, and, falling upon the upper end of the springy pole, it so suddenly to the earth as to send the basket end upward like a flash and send the shell flying high into the air. It exploded when almost over the camp of the Bobalindigs.

"The thing will work," said Tom.

CHAPTER X.—A FIGHT.

In a little while wild yells from the Bobalindig camp announced the return of the fleet. Jack and

Tom had field-glasses with them, and they swept that part of the sea until they spied the canoe in which the poor little white princess sat a captive.

"I see her," said Jack.

"So do I," Tom returned.

"Poor girl, how she suffers."

"There is that villainous Captain Lawrence in the same boat with her. Oh, how I would like to send a bullet through him. I tell you, Jack, that should he ever fall into our power again he will not be spared."

By the time Captain Lawrence and his fleet had landed with the fair young prisoner the day was almost spent. The last canoe had just been hauled up on the sandy beach when the Betsy Ann and the gunboat Elsie appeared around a bit of headland.

"Confound such luck!" cried Tom. "They are too late! Had they been an hour earlier they could have headed off the fleet."

Jack knew a brave young Churhulac named Samoa who spoke English, and he asked him to select five discreet, brave, determined followers for an undertaking. He explained that it must be a secret undertaking, and not known to any of the others.

Near midnight, with Tom and the six natives, Jack left the works and crept down the hill on the west side, which was covered with a dense growth of trees and bushes. Samoa took the lead of the others, and his keen ears and sharp eyes were invaluable. Suddenly he came to a halt.

It was so dark now that an object could not be seen a foot away. Samoa made his followers to understand they must lay down for a few moments, and he crept on into the darkness. He had been gone but a few moments when there was a slight struggle and a grasp, but the boy mutineers heard no more. But a moment later Samoa returned, and made them to understand all was over. The fellow knew every foot of the island, and where sentries were most likely to be posted, so he guided them carefully through darkness and forest until he at last came to a halt. He now came to Jack and whispered:

"We be among them."

The boy mutineers listened. Their trusty guide whispered to all to be still, and then by some strange signs, made by touching the hand of a single companion, indicated that he should follow him. The two glided noiselessly away, leaving a trail of bent bushes behind them, by which Jack could more plainly see a campfire, not twenty paces away. Around the fire lay half a dozen or more dark forms, evidently asleep. Two were sitting erect upon the ground, their backs toward them, facing a slight figure which, in the uncertain light, Jack made out to be Elsie, the pretty little princess. The boys stood, each with cocked pistols, ready to die fighting should they be discovered. The Churhulacs who remained with them fitted arrows to their bows and waited. Samoa and his companion had disappeared, and Jack began to almost believe they had deserted them. Each moment seemed an age, and Jack found himself growing quite nervous. At last both of the two sentries silently sank to the earth as if they had fallen over in slumber. Jack could hardly realize that a deadly knife had done the work and that they were asleep in death. A

few moments later three forms rose and glided swiftly but noiselessly toward the bushes, where our boy mutineers waited. It was Samoa, his companion, and Elsie. Though the boy mutineers' hearts leaped wild with excitement and joy, they retained their presence of mind and suppressed the shouts which rose to their lips. A moment was given for breathing, and then they began to return. It was by no means as easy a task as coming, and that had been difficult enough. So much time had been consumed that Jack knew it must be long past midnight. Samoa seemed to know every thing by instinct. If a sentry was in their path he knew it before any others could see or hear him. Every moment seemed an age to Jack and Tom, as they, each holding one of Elsie's hands, crept through the bushes after Samoa and his followers.

A ripple of excitement in their rear was followed almost immediately by a yell, which aroused the whole Bobalindig army. The yell was taken up and swelled into such a roar that it seemed to shake land and sea.

At this moment the sharp, heavy report of a swivel was heard from the sea. Luke Tyrrol had run the Elsie in near enough to the beach to fire a shot on shore. Samoa had led his friends up the steep hillside, and all about them could be seen long lines of the enemy advancing upon the works. Clouds of arrows were already flying, and the sharp rattle of musketry from the works were heard.

"Why don't they throw the shells from the catapults?" Jack said.

At this moment one was seen to go hissing through the air, and when almost over the fugitives it exploded, sending pieces of stone in every direction.

The Betsy Ann and Elsie had both been hauled in as close to the shore as they could get, and were rapping away with the swivels at the Bobalindigs on shore. The rearguard, left to look after the canoes, was soon driven up into the woods. The shell-throwers were now sending stones flying through the air. Some exploded, and some did not, but altogether doing but little execution. The muskets and arrows, however, were doing deadly work. Though the Bobalindigs were mowed down like grass before the scythe, they continually pressed on up the hill, made slippery from the blood of the slain. Jack and Tom, with the white princess and their guides, were now within a hundred paces of the works, but had not been recognized by their friends. Jack went before and Tom behind Elsie to shield her from arrows and stones, of which the air was filled. Two of the guides were shot down—one by their own friends. They were not recognized until within twenty paces of the trenches, when Jake Brinesky suddenly leaped on the top breastwork and yelled:

"Py sheemany goodness, dat vos Shack, yah, dot was Shack und Tom mit de von leetle gal!"

Their friends recognized them now, and half a hundred Churhulacs leaped the works and ran down to hurry them in and cover their retreat. They reached the fort in safety, above which the boy mutineers, out of patriotism, were flying the stars and stripes. The run up hill had almost exhausted Jack and Tom, and as for Elsie, she was almost ready to swoon. The long lines of savages were coming up in solid phalanx, and

Jack soon discovered that they would be unable to stop the horde. Their guns and pistols were emptied, quivers of arrows were exhausted, and still they pressed on closer and closer. Jack knew that defeat was certain.

Calling Jake and the others to their side, they fled up the hillside toward the mountains with the frightened Elsie. In the meanwhile the horde of Bobalindings captured the fort, and sent the Churlhulacs who had escaped slaughter flying in every direction. The chances of escaping their vengeance was slim, for soon they would have the entire island in their possession.

CHAPTER XI.—The White King.

"Stop, Tom, see, Elsie has fainted!"

"Oh, Jack, what shall we do?"

Both the boy mutineers gathered about the white princess, who, unable to keep up, had swooned from fright and exhaustion.

"Oh, Tom, listen, what a horrid noise!" some one said.

The boy mutineers had halted in a secluded place in the mountains, where they were hidden from their pursuers.

"All is up with us, shipmates," said a young sailor. "Captain Lawrence will soon have us hunted down, and we will be fed to the sharks."

"Never say die, shipmate," another answered.

"Load your guns and pistols at once," Jack said. "We will die with the harness on."

Elsie recovered very rapidly, but was so weak she had to be carried. The sounds of pursuit were coming nearer, and taking her up, the boy mutineers again hurried farther up the mountain pass. She recovered rapidly, and realizing that those who carried her needed all their strength, insisted on being permitted to walk.

"You are too weak," said Jack Errol.

"No, I am stronger than you think," she answered. "I can walk—please allow me to walk."

Being thus urged, she was permitted to have her way, but Jack and Tom went on either side of her to support her, in case she became faint, or to protect her from attack.

The heavy crack of the swivels could be heard. When they halted again to rest, Jack climbed a tree from whence he could see the shore, and the odd little gunboat blazing away at the few natives who still tried to defend the canoes. Those who were attempting the defense were cut down by the shot and balls from the swivels, or picked off by the riflemen.

"One thing is certain, Tom," the boy mutineer said, on his rejoining his companions.

"What?"

"The Bobalindigs will never get away from the island. Their boats are wholly destroyed. If not destroyed, they will be before the Elsie is done boarding them."

"But that won't help us much if the infuriated natives are left to prey upon us."

"We must get aboard."

"The boat will then be lost. Our way to the coast is even now cut off."

"How do you know?"

"I saw at least five hundred of the Bobalindigs going through the narrow pass below us, across the island northeast, and they are on the watch for us."

"Oh, for a hundred men armed with Winchester rifles!" groaned Jack.

"You couldn't make a more profitable wish, but it will do you no good," answered Tom. "We are in

"Then, small as our chances are, we will cut for it. It is cut our way through those Bobalindigs or die."

"Then, small as our chances are, we will cut through them."

Jack communicated his intentions to the handful of followers about him, and they all vowed that they would make their way through at the risk of their lives.

At this moment a tremendous cry that seemed to make the island tremble reached their ears.

"What means that?" asked Jack.

"Let us see," Tom answered.

It was but a few paces to a bluff which the boy mutineers scaled, and from which they overlooked the scene below. Old Zukatoo could be seen in the plain, striving to rally his scattered force.

"He is going to make another stand!" cried Tom.

"Look, Tom!" cried Jack, pointing in the direction of the foot of the hills. "Where did all those natives come from?"

"Yah, dot vos so, ver did tey koom from, anyway, py sheemany?"

"The white king! the white king!" cried one of their Churlhulac followers, clapping his hands with joy.

"Who is the white king?" Tom asked.

"He is the king of the Island of Nolleboalon," Jack answered. "He is a friend to Elsie."

"Then we are all right."

"Yes, we are saved now, for the white king will drive the Bobalindigs back into the sea."

From their elevated position our friends had an excellent view of the scene below. It presented a very striking and exciting picture. To the north were great bodies of bowmen and Bobalindigs armed with spears and slings. Back of them, in the water and upon the beach, were the boats shattered and ruined by the shot and balls of the gunboat Elsie, which was still pounding away at them. On the south, coming down from the pass all along the mountainside, was a constant stream of black warriors, whose burnished spears gleamed brightly in the sun. The white king was at their head. Jack fixed his glass upon the tall, manly form, and saw that he was a strong, courageous fellow, with an intelligent face and noble bearing.

"There's a man who is in reality a king," said Jack.

A loud cry from one of the natives below attracted their attention, and quickly turning his head, Jack saw down the rocky slope below them over one hundred of the Bobalindigs climbing up among the boulders to assault them on the north.

"Quick here, lads!" he cried to his companions. "Get your rifles and let them have it."

He took up his position against a large stone and sent a shot whizzing down at a great hairy savage that was climbing up the hillside. In a moment a dark form was seen to roll like a ball lifeless down the slope until it was arrested by a large tree jutting out from the hillside. Then the sharp report of firearms rang out all along the hillside. The natives raised the cry of "Eh, eh, eh!"

white king, who was marching his forces against the Boralindig hosts. Those were the first rifle shots he had heard for years. They reached the ears of Captain Lawrence and his cruel followers, who realized that their days were numbered. But the Boralindigs attacking the boy mutineers soon learned that it was folly to attempt to drive them from their stronghold, and beat a precipitate retreat.

"What have they done? Oh, what have they done?" Elsie asked from her safe retreat behind a large, flat stone.

"They have gone," cried Tom.

"Fled," answered Jack.

"Then we are safe," sobbed poor Elsie, who had been terribly frightened.

"For the present, but our final safety depends upon the white king," returned Jack. "Unless he has a force sufficiently strong to overthrow the Bobalindigs under Captain Lawrence we are lost."

"Yah, vos dot so?" asked Jake.

"It is true, Jake," put in Tom.

"Den let us go und gif dot king some help mit fightin' dem Bobalinks."

Jack took the precaution this time to have Elsie brought with them, and kept her in their midst. That the enemy were watching closely for any opportunity to seize her and hold her captive, perhaps as a hostage, there could be no doubt. There was danger, should they succeed in capturing her, of forcing the Churhulacs to give up the boy venturers in exchange for her. Though old Zakato was a faithful friend, and would stand by the American youths against all opposition to himself, yet his love for the white prince might force him to a treaty, which would sacrifice Jack and his friends. Together, with Elsie in their midst, the little band once more climbed to the top of the ridge which overlooked the valley below.

Here a grand sight met their view. Two powerful armies were marshaling their hosts, and advancing to the conflict. Zukatoo and the remnant of his depleted army lunged in the rear, and the white king's fresh troops took the front. Suddenly there was a great blast of horns, and the sky was darkened with arrows and stones; then the two armies hurled themselves together, grappling in deadly combat.

CHAPTER XII.—Father and Son.

"Py sheemany gootness, dot was von pig knock-down," cried the excited Jake.

Jack's eye flashed and his cheek paled with battle. He saw the grim on the face of war swarming back and forth, and he tried to hurl himself upon the foe. But what was to be done with Elsie? They must not leave her unprotected, lest the hands of Bushido lay which they had repulsed should return and make her a captive. A brilliant thought came to Jack's mind. He noticed that old Bushido was rallying his forces, and was preparing to have a large body in reserve.

"Come, Tom, let us hasten down there with Elsie and her father," cried Jack. "She will have a string of good friends, and we can then go ahead and take part in the fight."

"Yah, I dink some on dem dinks myself," cried Jake.

In a few moments the boy mutineers were hastening with their friends toward the Churihulacs in reserve. Old Zukatoo had just succeeded in selecting a hundred of the best and freshest of his men to assist the white king when Jack came up.

"Here is the white princess!" cried Jack. "Place a strong guard about her; we want to go into the fight."

"Zukatoo will."

Then the old warrior gave utterance to a few words of command to some of his men, and they gathered about the white princess four columns deep.

In the meanwhile the roar of battle could be heard. That conflict was one almost impossible to describe. The roar of battle up and down the hills on the northern part of the island seemed to almost reach the vaults of Heaven. As the Boy Mutineers ran forward to take part in the fight they saw the dim outlines of armies enveloped in clouds of dust, arrows and stones. One poor fellow had a jaw broken, another was pierced in the cheek with an arrow, while a third had a leg broken off in trying to pull it out. Then came others with various wounds, all attesting the severity of the conflict. They were now almost within reach of the missiles falling like rain.

"Your bedder luke a leetle oud or you will get some hurted mit yourself," cried Jake.

A stone struck Jack on the shoulder, but its force was so well-nigh spent that it only made a slight bruise.

"On, shipmates! The gale has come!" he shouts, and they dash forward like meteors through whistling arrows and humming stones. They come up just as the fight is raging hottest, and their guns belched forth fire and death. The explosion of musketry seems to appal the Bobalin diggs, and many throw down their arms and fly. Two of the white leaders fall at the first fire, and Captain Lawrence does all in his power to rally his frightened hosts. Some one touches Jack's shoulder just as he is reloading his gun, and turning about he sees the White King.

"Are you an American sailor?" the man asks, in a voice that seems to thrill the youth.

"I am."

"So was I once."

"So I supposed; but we will talk of this after the battle is over."

"I mentioned it because I have a favor to ask of you."

"What?" asked Jack.

"Lend me your rifle."

"Why, sir, can't I use it?"

"But I see an old enemy whom I want to slay. Hand it to me that I may shoot him down."

Jack made no answer, but passed over the gun. The lines of battle had changed considerably in the last few minutes. The Confederates had been driven back by the Collierymen, and now were lined out across the front. Jack had scarcely given up the gun when he saw the old enemy, Captain Ferguson. He was standing on his right hand to get the best advantage of himself. Captain Ferguson had returned the right to him. It was all over now, for Jack's gun had done its work, and he was ready to go.

with his pistol. The savages were in places mingled among each other, fighting with spears and battle-axes, hand to hand, but Lawrence was too far away from where the boy mutineer stood for him to reach him with his pistol. Twice he fired, but the bullets fell short. Jack was trying to get nearer to him, when he observed the white king raise the rifle which he had borrowed from our hero, take deliberate aim and pull the trigger.

As the sharp report rang out upon the air the captain tossed his arms wildly upward, and fell forward upon the ground. A yell went up from the boy mutineers when the captain fell; their persecutor was no more; never would they have felt at ease while he lived. The last one of the white leaders of the Bobalindigs had fallen, and the natives retreated. The Nolleboalons, aided by the Churlhulacs, pressed them closely, and they broke and fled toward their boats. But there they found almost completely destroyed by the swivels from the Elsie, which had been hauled in close to shore within pistol-shot of the beach. The swivels had been loaded with swan shot and slugs, and sent a rain of destruction among the natives.

Loud were the shrieks and cries uttered by the survivors, who ran down the beach, breaking through the ranks of the Nolleboalons, and hiding in the wood.

"That has settled them," said the white king, who was standing at Jack's side. He then turned to one of his men, and commanded him to call off the pursuit. The native officers blew some horns and conch shells, which had a wonderful effect on the Nolleboalons. The pursuit and slaughter ceased.

"The battle is over, shipmate, and the victory won," said the white king, turning to Jack, and handing his rifle to him.

"You have saved us," Jack answered.

"I am glad to have been able to do so. But tell me, is that your ship that I see in the offing?"

"It is."

"Why are you on shore?"

"We have come here to live, to make this island our home."

The white king gazed at the youth in astonishment for a few moments, and then said:

"Make this island your home! Do you prefer to live among savages?"

"No, sir."

"Then there is something strange about this," said the white king, who seemed to have a look of severity on his face.

Jack, wishing to disabuse the mind of the white king as much as possible of any wrong impression he might have of himself or his shipmate, said:

"That ship you see is the Betty Ann. We were a part of her crew. The captain and officers were so crazed that we had to mutiny. It would not have been done, sir, had not the captain sworn to take our lives. He boasted that he was to be paid five thousand dollars if I was never brought back alive."

A strange look came over the face of the white king. His eyes sparkled, and his cheeks seemed to glow with uncontrollable emotions.

"Who was to pay him five thousand dollars?" he asked.

"He won't not tell me."

"But you must have had some suspicion?"

"I did. My uncle."

The white king seemed to be seized with a peculiar choking sensation. He tried to speak, but failed, and his knees trembled so that he scarce could stand. At last he sank upon a large stone and buried his face in his hands. Jack began to fear that he had received a wound in the battle which had been unnoticed until now. He sprang to his side and said:

"Sir, are you hurt? Maybe your wound is more severe than you think."

"I haven't a scratch," the white king answered, uncovering his face. "I can't explain my conduct now, but I will after a while. But let us go and hunt the body of my enemy, whom I have slain."

"Your enemy? You shot Captain Lawrence!" cried Jack in amazement.

"Yes, I shot Captain Lawrence. He is my enemy."

"Your enemy!" cried Jack. "Have you ever met him before?"

"Yes," answered the white king. "Years ago I was the master of a ship. He was the mate and got up a mutiny. I was seized and put on a desert island, where the Nolleboalons found me and made me their king. But let us go and find him."

Tom, Jake, and some of the other boy mutineers followed them to the spot where Captain Lawrence had fallen. The captain was not dead, but he was dying.

"Abraham Lawrence, don't you know me?" asked the white king.

Lawrence opened his guilty eyes, and for several moments fixed his gaze upon the white king. At last he said faintly:

"You are Captain George Errol, whom I set ashore on the desert island so many years ago."

"I am."

"Well, Captain Errol, that sailor boy at your side," pointing to Jack, "is your son."

"My son—my son!" cried the White King, clasping the astounded Jack in his arms. "I knew it—oh, I knew it!"

For a few moments a strange silence fell on the group, but it was broken by the dying man saying:

"Captain Errol, I am dying. I have but a few moments of life left. I have a strange story to tell—one that greatly concerns yourself and your son. Now, listen while I tell it."

CHAPTER XIII.—More Mysteries.

"You will all think that I am a very bad man," said Captain Lawrence, faintly. "You know that I have been very cruel, but bad and cruel as I have been, I have never been quite so bad as others. Your brother, Isaac Errol, has been far more cruel to you, George Errol, than I have been."

"Tell me all about him."

"I will in a few moments. My breath seems growing very short."

"But tell the story quickly while you can. Did my brother hire you to set me off on the island to perish?" asked Captain Errol.

"He did. He hired me to dispose of you in some way."

"How much did he pay you?"

"Five thousand dollars." He was growing visibly weaker every moment, as could be plainly seen.

"Did he hire you to drown my son, Jack Errol?"

"He did."

"What motive did he have for this?"

"Your grandfather, Charles Errol, it seems, was a miser, and died while you were at sea, leaving a half million dollars in gold for you and your brother. Your brother wanted it all, and he hired me to put you out of the way, which I thought I had done by leaving you to perish on the desert island, reporting you drowned."

"But when the boy grew up, he was afraid that he would discover that he was heir to half the fortune, and decided to put him out of the way. He employed me to bring him back on this voyage, and if he never came back I was to have five thousand dollars. That's all."

"I knew it—I knew you were my son almost from the moment I saw you," said the captain as he led Jack away from the seat of carnage.

"How did you know it?" the boy mutineer asked.

"By your remarkable resemblance to your dead father."

"Don't blame us for the mutiny, father," said Jack.

"I do not."

"True, I was ringleader in it; I instigated my shipmates to it, but we were forced to do it in order to save our own lives. Oh, father! you know not what a tyrant he was——"

"I understand it all, answered the white king, pausing to rest by a large block of stone. "You can never be blamed for doing what you have done, especially since he was guilty of the same crime. He inaugurated a mutiny, not from tyrannical oppression, but because he would receive a reward for having put me to death."

"I shall feel easier now that I have learned that," said Jack.

The boy mutineer and his father were sitting in the shade of some tropical trees, and to Jack it seemed impossible that this man could be his father. So strange, wild and romantic had been the adventures of the last few weeks that they seemed more like a romance than reality. Suddenly Tom, who had remained at the side of the dying captain, came up to where father and son were, and said:

"It is all over, shipmate."

"What do you mean, Tom? Is he dead?"

Tom nodded his head.

"He deserved it," white the king answered.

"Yes, if ever man deserved to die he did," said Tom.

Jack introduced Tom Jones to his father, and Captain Errol well remembered Tom's father who had died at sea so many years ago.

"We had better move back toward the town and palace," said Tom. "There are three or four hundred Bobalindigs yet, and they might take it into their heads to go there and destroy the place."

The boy mutineer is a good deal of a Captain Errol. A few of the party bowmen

ahead to prevent any such destruction, and we will follow."

Jake and two other boy mutineers were sent under a guard of fifty Nolleboalons to get the ship around to the harbor in front of the town. Jack, his father and Tom then joined Zukatoo and a small party of the Churlhulacs, who were the body guard for the white princess. Jack, his father and Tom then joined Zukatoo and a small party of the Churlhulacs, who were the body guard for the white princess. An advance guard of Nolleboalons were already a mile or two ahead of them, and the armies of Nolleboalon and Churlhulac followed.

Elsie was faint and weak from the excitement, and was placed upon a rude litter made for her, Tom walking upon one side of her and Jack on the other, while in front went her faithful brave old Zukatoo, and close after followed the white king.

"You need have no more fears," said Jack, to the little princess.

"I have none," she answered, with an assuring smile. "Surrounded by such brave friends as I have, it would be ungrateful in me to have any fears."

The journey was made slowly, and night had set in before the head of the army had reached the capitol. As they came within hearing loud shouting greeted their ears, and they saw bright flames leaping into the air. Drawing nearer the sounds of conflict fell upon their ears. Evidently a fierce fight was raging between the advance of the Nolleboalons and Bobalindigs.

"The wretches who escaped have hurried around by the coast to burn the capitol," cried the king. "Let us hasten forward and punish them for it."

He blew a shell, and immediately a horde of bowmen and spearmen rushed about him. The order of advance was sounded, and all save Jack and a strong bodyguard for Elsie dashed forward into the fray.

The enemy were hurled backward, driven like frightened sheep toward the beach, where the Betsy Ann and the Elsie coming up began pouring grape and cannister into them. They had now reached the capitol, and found several of the young sailors and a host of natives fighting the flames. The White King, Tom and some of the boy mutineers were making extraordinary efforts to save the palace. At the risk of his life Tom ran into the palace to try to save some of the royal treasure and furniture if possible. Ottomans, rich rugs, diamonds, pearls, and gold and silver ornaments were carried out. It was thought that the entire palace would be destroyed by flames, and Tom determined to save what he could.

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

Jack halted the natives carrying the rude litter on which Elsie was being borne in the edge of the town, and placing a guard about her, he ran forward to help in the extinguishment of the flames. Hundreds of natives were stationed all about and well up the sides of the massive building, and with rude buckets were almost deluging it with water.

"You will extinguish the fire yet," cried Jack to the white king, as he passed him.

"I hope so, yet, I think it best to get all the royal treasure out of the palace."

"Where is Tom?"

"Inside the palace, and in danger of losing his life."

"He must come out of there," cried Jack. He plunged into the building through stifling smoke and blistering heat. On every side could he beard the wild crackling of the flames.

"Tom! Tom!" cried Jack.

"Ay, ay, shipmate," came a cheery response from the gloom.

"What are you doin'?"

"I have found an old chest, shipmate, which I am trying to get out. It may have a story to tell."

Jack groped his way through blinding smoke to his friend, and said:

"Can I help you?"

"Yes, take that end. I don't know why, but I am determined to save this old wooden chest."

Jack seized the end next to him and they started staggering through smoke and heat, and finally they came to the open door, through which they staggered into the clouds of hissing steam. The lads were almost exhausted, and Tom dropped his end of the wooden chest. It fell upon the ground with such force that the end burst open, and a roll of papers fell out. The white king uttered a shout to some natives and they sprang forward and dragged the heavy chest away. Jack Errol picked up the roll of manuscript, which was in danger of being ruined from the water that fell in showers from the roof of the palace.

"Tom, Tom!" cried Jack. "Here is something remarkable. Here are more mysteries."

"What is it, Jack?" Tom asked, panting for breath.

Jack had glanced at the manuscript which had fallen from the old wooden chest.

"Listen! This says that it is the 'Narrative of Mrs. Eleanor Coby Jones.'"

"What! that was my mother's name!" cried Tom, becoming greatly excited.

"Here is more!" cried Jack.

"Read it."

"This is for the benefit of my daughter, Elsie Jones, the White Princess of the Churlhulacs, and not to be opened until her eighteenth birthday."

Jack dropped the manuscript in his astonishment, and seized his friend's hand.

"Tom!" he cried, "Elsie is your own sister."

Trembling with strange emotions Tom staggered away to a banyan tree, beneath which he sat and unrolled the precious manuscript. Suffice to say it contained a history of Tom's mother and sister after the wreck of her husband's vessel at which time he lost his life. Tom's mother and sister had drifted to this island in a boat, and he had been made queen of the savages. The narrative was spread out, but Tom had read enough to fill his soul with joy. It was his mother, and the beautiful white princess was his own long-lost sister. Unable to withhold the joyous news, the boy mutineer ran to the white princess, and said:

"Oh, Elsie, Elsie, little sister!" and clasped her in his arms.

The flames had by this time been extinguished, and old Zukatoo and his followers came to the princess to inform her that all the Bobalindigs had been captured, and wished to know if they should be slaughtered.

"No," she answered. "Have them all promise in the presence of the rising sun to be loyal and faithful to Zukatoo, and never make war on the Churlhulacs, or the Nolleboalons again, and then they can go."

The Betsy Ann and the little gunboat Elsie ran into the harbor, and Luke Tyrrol and the others came ashore, where they were astounded to learn that Jack had found a father and Tom a sister among the savages.

"Well, what will you do now, father?" Jack asked.

"Go back to the United States of America," he answered. "I have no desire to pass the remainder of my days with savages."

"But will we dare go back? We are mutineers."

"What if you are? Was not he a mutineer? I know the owners of the Betsy Ann, and I can make it all satisfactory."

"And your sister, Tom?" Jack asked, after a moment's silence.

"She must go with me from this island. I can never think of going away and leaving her here."

Zukatoo was called over, and he listened to the strange story which was told him by the white king, and when informed that Elsie was Tom's sister, and he had come for her, he consented to give her up. The boy mutineers remained three days on the island of the Churlhulacs, and were feasted by their friends. They gave them the gunboat Elsie, two swivels, twelve muskets and several kegs of ammunition, and then with Captain Errol they went on board the Betsy Ann. Her anchor was hoisted and sails unfurled, Elsie and her brother with Jack waving handkerchiefs at their friends along the shore. Luke Tyrrol was at the wheel, and the good ship was soon under weigh, the island fading from view. The subsequent history of the islanders is not known. The Betsy Ann made her voyage, disposed of her cargo, and returned to the United States, and the boy mutineers were commended for their conduct. Captain George Errol's sudden return caused the flight of his brother Isaac. George Errol soon secured his rights, and proposes to pass the remainder of his days in peace. Jack has just been made captain of a merchantman, and Tom and Luke Tyrrol are his mates. Jake and Ned are in the crew. The other day I met Jake on the street.

"I want to told you somedings," he said. Then he led me to a corner, and added: "Ef ye don't peliefe it, dot young Captain Jack Errol vas agoin' to marry dot leedle gal Elsie, de Vite Princess mit dem Gumshelacks, und doan'd you forget it."

Next week's issue will contain "ALWAYS READY; or, THE BEST ENGINEER ON THE ROAD."

CURRENT NEWS

SALT LAKE CHIMNEYS HIGHER THAN AT SEA LEVEL

Chimneys and smoke stacks in Salt Lake City must be built from 10 to 20 per cent. higher than is necessary at sea level because of the diminished atmospheric pressure.

TONS OF FISH SMOTHERED UNDER ICE

Tons of fish were smothered in Glenmere Lake, Orange County, N. Y., last winter by ice which covered the lake from shore to shore, according to a report in the *Scientific American*. The ice was more than two feet thick, and on this was a foot or more of snow. When a hole was cut through the ice thousands of dead fish came to the surface and were carried over the dam. Hundreds of live fish in search of air filled the holes which were cut.

OPEN LANDS TO VETERANS

More than 250,000 acres of public land in six Western States were ordered thrown open June 14, by the Interior Department for homestead entry to ex-service men of the World War. Exact dates for the filing of entries will be announced by the Land Office in the various States.

The tracts include 3,800 acres in Fresno County, Cal.; 33,000 acres in Montezuma County, Col.; 64,500 acres in Puffer County, Idaho; 37,500 acres in Phillips and Pergus Counties, Mont.; 10,500 acres in Teton County, Mont.; 44,000 acres in Emery, Wayne and Millard Counties, Utah; 59,000 acres in Carbon and Hot Springs Counties, Wyo.

DISHWASHING MAKES THE HANDS BEAUTIFUL

Mrs. Wilbur E. Fribley, State chairman of home economics of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, Chicago, says dishwashing beautifies the hands instead of damaging them.

"Never use too strong a soap or chemical in the water," Mrs. Fribley advised. "Use mild soap, and apply a lotion afterward. Dishes can be done so daintily that it is a pleasure. Soft white hands will result. I venture to say that the poet who sang 'I was a lover of ladies' hands that were pale with the pallor of ivory' was telling of a lady who washed dishes. In fact, Tennyson attributes his finest verses to his love for a girl who worked in her mother's cafe."

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FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS

The Vanishing Of Val Vane

— Or, —

THE TROUBLES OF A BOY MILLIONAIRE

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"Give me your hand, boy," he said. "Let me see if I can read your mind and tell you what you have come to tell me."

He held Val's hand so long that it made the boy nervous and Anna seemed to feel the same way, as she sat sewing up the tear in Val's coat.

"Grandfather, I hate to interrupt your thoughts," she exclaimed at last, "but really you are running a great risk in this delaying. Can you see nothing?"

"Nothing," sighed the prophet, dropping Val's hand. "All is dark. Let the boy speak."

Val then told what he had overheard.

"I am not surprised," said Father John, quietly. "They may capture me, but they will not kill me. I have long since foreseen the manner of my death. It will be sudden, but—no matter. Boy, I thank you. I do not wish to be taken by the soldiers. I will retire to the cave, which is nearer than you may suppose. You and Anna shall go with me. We will not tell any one where we are going, so we cannot be betrayed. Not that any one in this little settlement would voluntarily betray me. Still, it is best to be on the safe side. Get my few things together, girl, and we will go now."

They started within ten minutes, going out of the woods on to the road.

Val tried to draw Father John out a bit as they walked along, but the old man showed no disposition to talk.

Advancing up the mountain a short distance, he suddenly paused and his face assumed a soft expression.

"Don't speak," breathed Anna. "We are going to get something now!"

There was a moment of silence, and then in a deep voice quite different from his usual tone the blind prophet spoke:

"Val Vane, you are now to leave us," he said. "You are to beard the lion in his den. You have been badly betrayed by one in whom you have put your trust. It is necessary for you to face him if you would gain your claim. Go down the mountain. You will be captured by the soldiers. Do it to be. Let them search you as they will. Be brave. Be truthful. Be earnest. Stand for your rights and to the end you have to expect it. Your troubles will end and every obstacle will be swept from your path."

Father John paused. His face assumed its

usual placid expression, and in his ordinary voice he asked:

"What have I said?"

Anna accurately repeated his words.

"It is well," said the old man, quietly. "Go, Mr. Vane. The time has come. You will do well to follow the advice you have just received. I thank you for your warning. It may have saved me some trouble. Go and be brave."

"But I hate to leave you two so," objected Val. "Are you sure you can get along?"

"Quite sure," replied Father John. "Don't delay an instant. Go!"

He extended his hand, and as Val took it, added:

"Don't let money turn your head, boy. Be good to my poor people when you come into your own."

"I certainly shall," replied Val, earnestly, and then it was Anna's hand he pressed.

"Shall we meet again, I wonder?" he murmured.

She dropped her eyes, and replied:

"Why, I hope so."

"So do I," declared Val. "It won't be my fault if we don't," and with that he turned and started down the mountain to fall into the hands of the soldiers within ten minutes' time.

It happened suddenly. They had halted in their climb, and Val, turning a bend in the road, ran right into them.

It was too late to draw back, for the captain instantly ordered him to halt.

Val took it calmly. He had expected nothing else, of course, providing he stuck to the road. He had fully determined to follow the blind prophet's advice and face the music.

"I don't believe Ralph Dubey will dare to kill me if I put myself in the hands of this State officer and tell him who I am," the boy reasoned.

Now was the time to find out if Ralph Dubey's word was law, and Val stopped short.

"Advance and show your pass," shouted Captain Davis.

Val walked boldly up to him.

"I have no pass," he said. "I——"

"Then consider yourself under arrest," the captain broke in.

"Listen. I am Valentine Vane. You may have heard of me. I——"

"You Val Vane, you blamed Hill Billie!" snorted the captain. "Well, upon my word, this is pretty good."

"That is who I am," said Val, firmly. "I have been lost in the woods and I know I don't look very nice, but——"

"Here, Sergeant Crane, handcuff this boy and we'll take him along with us. Before we get through up here we shall find out who he really is."

Just then two men came out of the woods by a narrow path.

"Oh, here's Jerry Fine!" exclaimed the captain. "Probably he may know the boy. Come here, Jerry!"

Val's heart sank, for here was Ralph Dubey's henchman again. Jerry's face wore a triumphant look as he advanced.

(To be continued)

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

TOOTHACHE MADE HIM EMBEZZLER

Two years ago Stanley Evans, 25, of 860 107th avenue, Woodhaven, Queens, falsified his books of the security firm of Bonbright & Co., 25 Nassau street, because he had a toothache and needed \$100 for the dentist. Since then he has embezzled \$6,000, the police say he told them when he was arrested on a charge of grand larceny made by his employers. He bet on races with the money, he said, but never won a bet.

Evans was arraigned in the Tombs Court before Magistrate Alexander Brough, who held him in \$2,500 bail for examination. Detectives said that the clerk's method of obtaining the firm's money was to make out vouchers for cash, spend a part of this on the object for which it was obtained and keep back the remainder, entering only the part legitimately spent in his books.

TARANTULA OUSTS TRADERS

A crowd of customers was watching the stock quotations being chalked up on a blackboard in front of the offices of Eisle & King, 9 Clinton street, Newark, N. J., the other afternoon when an enormous tarantula, said by ordinarily reliable citizens to have been fully six inches across, climbed over the board, poking its long hairy feelers ahead of it. The crowd fled to the other side of the street. The man with the chalk became panicky and backed off a dozen yards. The tarantula clearly had the upper hand.

Then came Dr. James T. Wrightson of 25 Walnut street, who was taking a new bowl home, he clapped the bowl over the tarantula and in a moment held it captive. He presented it to the Newark Museum, where all who never have seen a live tarantula may view it any time. How it came to be in the financial district of Newark is a mystery, for it is the type of black, fuzzy spider that flourishes best in the semi-desert country of Arizona and New Mexico.

DEATH PITS OF THE AGES

Preservation for scientific investigation by biologists of the asphalt beds of Kern County, California, in the belief that "they are the death pits of the ages" for birds and animals, is advocated by Dr. William Bebb, curator of the dental museum of Northwestern University here, following a three months' inspection of the area.

Dr. Bebb found many well-preserved skulls, he said, and has brought back to his collection a skull identified as that of the saber-tooth tiger. The tooth extended about five inches below the lower jaw.

It was these saber-teeth, intended by nature as a weapon, that ultimately caused the extinction of the animal, Dr. Bebb said, because, as the teeth increased in size, eating became difficult and the species died off.

The asphalt beds were described as a mire for birds and beasts which, once involved in the sticky beds, floundered about and slowly sunk until covered.

ANY ONE MAY LIVE 150 YEARS

Somebody once advanced the theory that a man is only as old as he feels, and then came the question of how long should a man live before he begins to feel old. It's all a matter of relativity (no connection with the Einstein theory). At the age of ten, we're young in comparison with our fathers, but we're old alongside our three-year-old sister. According to the latest scientific information, the man of fifty isn't old. It fact, he really hasn't reached the prime of life yet. He has ahead of him one hundred years—a century—of activity, and no man with that great span of life ahead could be said to be old.

Dr. Josiah Oldfield, English scientist, says the ripe old age of 150 years may be reached by any one who will follow the prescribed formula of diet. Coarse bread, porridge, buttermilk, vegetables, butter, cheese and home-brew will do the work, he says, and adds that maybe the home-brew could be left out of the diet without changing the effects greatly. Vitamines in the barley that is used in old home-brewed ale are largely responsible for the general good health of the average Englishman during the last 500 years, Dr. Oldfield believes.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS

A TINY SET

Charles Plewinski of Philadelphia has made a complete radio set to fit inside a peanut shell. "The shell can receive music and talks at a distance of at least eleven miles," says Charles.

WAIVE RADIO MUSIC FEES

That music publishers allow radio stations to broadcast copyrighted music without paying fees until broadcasting reaches a commercial stage, was recommended recently by a committee of the Music Publishers' Association of the United States, of No. 105 West 40th street, New York City, N. Y.

The publishers were asked to waive their strict rights, partly because radio is regarded as a contribution to the popularizing of music. The recommendation has been adopted by the association, though none of its members are bound by it.

NEW WAVE LENGTHS

A change in radio broadcasting of great interest to all who are using radio receiving sets went into effect on May 15 through an agreement among operators of twenty radio stations for use of the new wave lengths made available by the Department of Commerce. These new wave lengths will make it feasible for listeners in the local area to make a choice of their evening's entertainment from a list of half a dozen programs, instead of two programs.

The new ruling of the Department of Commerce provides three classifications. Class A stations will be those using power not in excess of 500 watts. Class B stations will be those using in excess of 500 watts but willing to comply with the new ruling, with a view to broadcasting only high-grade programs. Class C will include those stations which desire to keep to the old 360 meter wave lengths.

"DEAD SPOTS" IN RADIO TRANSMISSION

Scientists are trying to determine the cause of "dead spots" between a number of cities in the United States which form an almost continuous barrier to the direct reception of radio waves.

The most prominent of these appears to be between Washington and Baltimore. To get a message to the latter, one must forty miles distant, Washington, and then Chicago and either New York or St. Louis as a relay point. The same is true of radio concerts are almost completely cut off between the two cities.

Dr. J. H. Mulligan, Chief of the Radio Division of the Bureau of Standards, who is trying to explain the mystery, reports that a similar difficulty exists between Pittsburgh and Cleveland, Hartford and Boston, and Providence and Boston. The most plausible theory now advanced, Dr. Mulligan says, is the existence of a radio activity

in these dead spots which so affects certain layers of the atmosphere as to render transmission of radio waves impossible.

In the case between Washington and Baltimore, theories advanced in either quarters are that the dead spot may be caused by the electric railway line between the cities, by the numerous high tension cables and conduits between them, or by the topography of the country.

PICK-UP DEVICES.

With the radio audience growing more and more critical regarding the rendition of radio programs, it has been necessary for radio broadcasters to devote no little attention to their microphones or "pick-up" devices. In the early days of broadcasting, not so long ago, considerable attention was devoted to the acoustical properties of the studio, particularly troublesome sound reflections or echo, until this phase of the new art was finally mastered. However, it has been found that the microphone or "pick-up" device is the main link between the studio and the radio audience, and no matter how perfect the studio may be and no matter how flawless may be the music at the studio end, the microphone or "pick-up" stands in the way. The usual carbon microphone is far from an ideal "pick-up" device. It misses many notes because its diaphragm, having a natural period or tone of its own, cannot be expected to vibrate over the wide range of frequencies encountered in a musical program. Furthermore, its mechanism is somewhat "heavy" and represents considerable inertia to rapid ascillations. The question of natural period also applies to the condenser "pick-up" device, in which the vibration of a diaphragm causes a change in the capacity of the modulating circuit in accordance with the sound values. The General Electric engineers have been experimenting with the photo-phone device, which is also employed for transmitting messages on a radio system. The means of a photographic record. In the case of radio broadcasting, the photo-phone device consists of a very sensitive diaphragm attached to a tiny mirror, which projects a beam of light on to a photo-cell or "light sensitive" cell. The cell, of course, forms part of the modulating circuit, and its resistance varies with the intensity of the light. It so happens that the photo-cell is very sensitive and its resistance is so high and variable that it will pick up even the faintest sound waves which enter the microphone and convert them into a modulation of the light rays. Recently the Washington and Baltimore stations have been experimenting with the photo-phone pick-up device of Dr. Philip Thomas of the Washington Research Laboratory. In this "pick-up" device a high voltage gas discharge takes place continuously between an upper electrode and a lower electrode, the spark of the discharge being coupled to the sound waves. The discharge device has no natural period and runs over a range running from a frequency of 50 to 10,000 with ab-

solute truthfulness. Any one listening to KDKA during tests of the glow discharge transmitter, will immediately note the marked quality of the emitted music.

ELECTRONS FROM HOT FILAMENTS

When metals are heated in high vacuum electrons, or atoms of negative electricity, evaporate from their surfaces. If there is another electrode in the evacuated space to which a positive charge is given the electrons drift over to this electrode (anode) so that a current flows between the two electrodes. The electron emissions from a large number of different materials have recently been measured, according to *Electrical World*. The thoriated tungsten cathode gives a current at a temperature of 1,500 degrees absolute, which is about 130,000 times greater than that secured from ordinary tungsten. Some of the cathode materials have even greater emissions. In order to get all the current that a cathode is capable of giving, it is necessary to apply to the anode a high voltage to overcome what is known as the space charge effect. By putting gases inside the tubes positive ions are formed in the space between the electrodes by bombardment, and these neutralize the negative space charge and allow the current from the cathode to pass across the space with much lower anode voltages. The effect of gases, therefore, is to increase the current-carrying capacity of the tube. The thoriated tungsten filament is a tungsten filament containing 1 per cent. or 2 per cent. of thorium, usually in the form of an oxide. When such a filament is heated to about 2,500 degrees Centigrade, a little of the thorium oxide is changed into metallic thorium. In the meantime, however, any thorium on the surface of the filament evaporates, leaving only pure tungsten. If the filament is then lowered to about 1,800 degrees, the thorium gradually wanders or diffuses through the filament, and when it reaches the surface, if the vacuum is perfect, remains there and gradually forms a layer of thorium atoms which never exceeds a single atom in thickness. The thickness of this film is therefore about one one-hundred-millionth of an inch, and yet this film increases the electron emission of the filament about 130,000 times.

RANGE

When consideration is given to the distance a transmitting station will radiate signals or to the operating radius of a receiving set, it is important to know a distinction between the reliable range and the variable or occasional range, says the *Brooklyn Eagle*. It is necessary, therefore, when specifying the range of either transmitting or receiving sets to use the reliable range over which the set will operate under normal conditions, rather than the occasional range, which under particularly advantageous conditions have provided distances of transmission or reception many times in excess of the average distance which has been conservatively estimated.

The range of a receiving set depends in a great measure upon local conditions, whether it is intended for use with local or long distance

posing obstacles to absorb the radio waves, or whether it is surrounded by lofty buildings constructed on frameworks of steel.

The single, well constructed receiver employing a crystal detector and using a single wire antenna approximately 100 feet in length, elevated at least 80 feet above the ground, has a daytime range of about 25 miles, while at night signals from much greater distances are easily received. The crystal detector does not possess the amplifying properties of the vacuum tube and consequently does not supply an equal intensity of signal.

If the crystal detector is replaced by the vacuum tube detector, the reliable operating radius of the set is increased to approximately 75 miles, and there is considerable improvement in the receiving qualities due to the sensitive properties and amplifying action of the tube which secures louder music or speech.

A simple regenerative receiver or the "tickler coil" or "tuned plate" type using an outdoor antenna will cover a distance of approximately 100 miles. The increased range obtained by regeneration is due to the fact that a circuit of this type is practically the equivalent of a simple non-regenerative circuit to which has been added one stage of radio frequency amplification.

When it is desired to receive the signals from a distance of 200 miles or more it is necessary to employ two stages of audio frequency amplification. Signals having sufficient energy to actuate the detector are thus rendered audible by amplification, whereas without this form of magnification they would either be inaudible or barely heard. One stage of audio frequency amplification builds up the strength of the sounds from four to five times their normal intensity. The addition of the second stage amplifies the magnified sounds of the first stage four or five times more, thus producing sounds which have a resultant intensity of 15 to 25 times their normal strength. It is not advisable to add more than two stages of audio frequency amplification due to the fact that interfering sounds due to current variations or tube noises are amplified to such an extent as to prevent satisfactory signal reception.

The addition of two or three stages of radio frequency amplification inserted between the antenna and the detector provides a means of building up the strength of the feeble impulses, from a distant transmitting station, at the original frequency with which they were radiated through the ether. The minute amounts of energy are therefore increased to a strength sufficient to actuate the detector. An average operating radius of several hundred miles is available by this arrangement, which also permits the use of a loop antenna with its directional and interference-reducing properties.

It must be distinctly understood that the average ranges herein stated are based upon simple standard types of equipment operating under normal conditions and do not include the exceptional distances covered in many cases by special and unusual circuits performing under particularly advantageous conditions, as for example single tube receivers, which have recently received long-distance signals over a distance of approximately 1,000 miles.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, JULY 11, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

FLEAS DISPERSED WORKMEN

Fleas, millions of them, are holding up the installation of a heating plant in the subcellars of the Hospital of St. Louis, Paris. The plague appeared about a month ago when, after working for a half an hour under the ground, a score of laborers came out with their faces and arms bleeding. Acetylene lamps and sulphur torches failed to exterminate the invaders and the municipal laborators have been called in to provide a solution. Meanwhile, the laborers refuse to go down into the infested cellars, declaring that not only is their personal safety involved but they are unwilling to risk carrying the insects to their homes.

WHAT BECOMES OF PINS?

It has been stated on what is supposed to be good authority that the world's total output of pins is at the rate of 200,000,000 a day. If so, it may seem surprising that the world isn't becoming carpeted with pins. We know how easily they are lost—where do they go to? Most of them decay into nothingness, for actually the pin is not such a time-defying article as it seems. Every pin dropped in a damp place soon turns into a few grains of rust. With new pins turned out by machinery in such immense numbers our grandmothers' maxims about picking up pins are forgotten, but in the fourteenth century, when pins were first introduced, they were valuable articles not to be lightly lost recalls *Everyday Science*. An old law permitted the sale of pins on only two days in the year, the first and second of January. It was then the custom of all the women-folk to buy their pins for the following 12 months. As is still customary they went to their husbands or fathers for the wherewithal, and hence the term "pin money."

SUICIDELESS GAS

A favorite means of suicide will be destroyed if the invention of a British engineer is universally adopted. For a number of years the death rate from suicide by suffocation from illu-

minating gas has been comparatively high, as suicides rates go. Recently a British engineer, after three years of research, developed an illuminating gas that is utterly harmless. When substituted in the gas mains of an English town it was found that no ill effects were suffered by persons who purposely or accidentally inhaled the new illuminant, while its heating and lighting properties were not impaired. The inventor declares his new gas less costly than the old poisonous variety and its general adoption through Great Britain is expected.

Death by gas has been the most common means of suicide in England. The next most popular was liquid poisons, but government regulations have become more and more strict, so that it is difficult for the would-be suicide to buy poisons. One of the Government laws requires that poisons be put up in distinctive colors so as to preclude, in so far as is possible, the danger of them being taken by mistake.

Carbon monoxide is responsible for the many deaths from illuminating gas. In the newly developed illuminating gas carbon monoxide is present in a negligible quantity.

LAUGHS

Mother—Ethel, are you saving anything for a rainy day? Ethel—Yes, mother. I never wear my silk stockings around the house.

Small Elsie was standing at the window when it began to hail. "Oh, come and look, mamma," she exclaimed. "It's wainin' pills."

"Is he swayed by his prejudices?" "I should say so. Anyhow, he's the sort of a man who cheers when the ball hits the umpire on the shin."

Boy—I want another box of pills like I got for mother yesterday. Druggist—Did your mother say they were good? Boy—No; but they just fit my air-gun.

"Goodness, John," said a woman to her husband, "your suit looks as if you had been sleeping in it!" "Well," replied John, "why not? Isn't that the suit I wear at church?"

"Now, Albert," said the Sunday-school teacher, "can you tell me who Moses was?" "Yes, ma'am," replied the little fellow. "He was the only man who ever broke all the ten commandments at once."

"Mother, didn't you say that some one would get spanked if my new doll got broke?" "Yes, I did." "Then would you mind spanking dolly most severely, mamma? The naughty thing has just broken her arm!"

Old Lady (irritably)—Here, boy, I've been waiting some time to be waited on. Druggist's Boy—Yes, ma'am. What can I do for you? Old Lady—I want a 2-cent stamp. Druggist's Boy—Yes, ma'am. Will you have it licked or unlicked?

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

GIRL BITES DETECTIVE

Miss Dorothy Terry, who gave as her address 208 West Seventy-eighth street, New York, bit Miss Saddle Vreeland on the arm after she had been accused of stealing a two-piece silk bathing suit valued at \$25 from B. Altman's store in Fifth avenue, where Miss Vreeland is a store detective.

After biting Miss Vreeland she broke away and ran to Thirty-fifth street, where she boarded a Fifth avenue bus. She was pursued by Miss Vreeland, at whose request Detective John O'Brien of the East Thirty-fifth street station, who was on the bus, arrested Miss Terry. The prisoner was sent to the station house, charged with petty larceny and felonious assault.

PLATFORM HIDES TREASURE

More than \$300 in silver, dimes, quarters and halves, with pennies and nickels, was dug up by workmen getting ready for the opening of Norumbega Park, Boston. The silver mine was discovered when the men about to build a new platform in front of the ticket office took up the old planks and got their first glimpse of the shining silver. Also among the treasure were seven hat-pins, two vanity cases, a lady's gold buckle garter and six jewelled pins.

General Manager Hanson of Norumbega explains the discovery by the fact that the platform had not been renewed for many years. During that time hundreds of thousands of people had purchased tickets there, and in their hurry dropped the coins, which fell between the cracks in the platform.

The Norumbega management allowed the men to keep the money, but the jewelry may be claimed at the park by those who can identify the same.

THE BEETLE GLUTTON

One of the most useful importations is an active green beetle—a tiger in the moth world. He is a special enemy of the gypsy moth, another unwelcome foreigner which has created such havoc from time to time in the farmer's fields.

For his size the beetle mentioned is a terrible creature. Beside him the pig is a beast of most delicate appetite. The green beetle would devour ten times his weight in gypsy moth caterpillars in a single day and be ready to repeat the performance on the morrow.

His two seasons of active life are a wild orgy of eating and fighting. His span of life includes two summers of adult existence, representing less than five months of actively active life; but during that time he will normally devour nearly 60 gypsy moth caterpillars or pupae as large as himself. A single pair of beetles have been observed to eat 2,000 caterpillars within eight weeks, gluttony almost beyond belief.

OLD MAINE HOMESTEAD

At Getchell's Corner, half way between Waterville and Augusta, stands the old Getchell Homestead, built more than 158 years ago.

When Benedict Arnold came up the Kennebec

on his expedition to Canada one of his bateaus capsized near Getchell's and several thousand dollars' worth of gold was lost. The following spring three of the Getchell boys went down and salvaged the gold and with it built this house.

The house is a big square building with an el attached in back. An ancient flagstone walk leads to the massive front door with a big brass knocker. Inside the scheme of decoration and furnishing is just as it was many years ago. Quaint furniture, ancient candlesticks and a big brass warming pan are of interest. The big doors were fashioned by hand and swung on LH hinges that the superstitious people of long ago put on. The LH stood then for "Lord Help Us and Keep Witches Away." The beams of the building are hewn and of huge proportion. The boards in many instances are two and three feet wide.

Upstairs there is a wonderful old bed made more than 200 years ago. The four posts are carved from walnut while overhead an arched canopy of white linen is arranged.

Hundreds of autoists pass this little village every day during the summer months but only a few of them realize the beauty and historical interest that are in that little plot of land less than a mile square.

REINDEER DRIVERS EXCELL WITH LASSO

More skillful even than the cowboys of the West in the use of the lasso are the Eskimos of Alaska, according to Capt. Joseph Bernard, Arctic explorer, in an address at Loyola College, Montreal, June 2. Captain Bernard expressed admiration for the way the Eskimos, time and again, could pick out a reindeer in the middle of a closely packed herd and send the noose over its antlers without touching any of the surrounding animals.

The Captain declared there is little democracy among the primitive Eskimos, especially those in Siberia. There, he said, a man may have as many wives as he can support. His wives form an index to the amount of his possessions.

Fine, tasty deer meat could be had in part of the North for \$7 for 160 pounds, or a little over 4 cents a pound.

As there is practically no tree growth there the natives make their dwellings largely from driftwood, which they lash together.

The explorer remarked on the vast difference which he found existed between the natives of North Siberia and those of Alaska. Twenty years ago, he said, they were the same, but now the Alaskans are properly educated, learned, and easy to trade with, while the Siberians, even of Russia, even the serfs, are ignorant and wholly untrustworthy.

The Alaskan Eskimos have churches and schools; they can read and write, and are on a general equality with the class of whites in that district.

The whole difference the speaker ascribed to the different policies of the American and the Russian Governments. The former believes in education while the other simply neglects it.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

COMPARE YOUR LIFE TO A TREE'S LIFE

Human beings cannot compete with trees in the matter of longevity, but human beings are more fortunate than trees up to certain ages, according to mortality tables. A forest at maturity contains about 5 per cent. of all the trees that have started life there. The percentage of persons living from ten to fifty is much greater than in the case of trees. About 95 per cent. of trees die before they are eighty years old, while only 87 per cent. of persons will die before reaching that age.

But when it comes to trees 100 years of age and over, it is necessary to go back to Biblical history to find human beings who compare with them in length of years. Methuselah and Noah were far ahead of the majority of common trees as centenarians, but no man or no nation has lived as long as have the sequoia trees. The sequoia attains an age of about 4,000 years.

A spruce tree in a forest requires about 4 square feet of space; at 40 years, 34 square feet; at 60 years, 70, and at 100 years, 150 square feet. Pine trees are said to demand at least 15 per cent. more light space than spruce and nearly 40 per cent. more than fir trees.

In some natural pine forests, where the trees grow very close together, statistics show that more than 4,000 trees per acre die between the ages of ten and eighty, and that only 300 out of the remainder die between the ages of eighty and 100. With some this natural dying proceeds faster than with others. With pine, birch, aspen and all species which demand a great deal of light, the death rate is enormous. The spruce, beech, fir and, generally speaking, all species which are satisfied with less light are not affected so seriously.

NATIVES IN PAPUA WEAR SCANT CLOTHING

Papua, better known as New Guinea, is no place for a manufacturer of woman's waists, nor for a shirtmaker, a haberdasher, nor a hatter. Any one of them would go into bankruptcy in less than no time.

For an interesting reform which is now enforced in Papua is that the natives must not wear clothes above the belt line and there are about 200 natives to every white in a territory 92,000 square miles in extent.

This rather primitive dress regulation was laid down recently to conserve the Papuans' health, according to J. H. P. Murray, who is a brother of Prof. G. H. P. Murray, Lieutenant Governor of Papua, and he has been in New Guinea for seventeen years.

"We do not permit men or women to wear clothing on the upper part of the body," said Mr. Murray to a reporter. "A man at work may wear trousers and, if he pleases, boots or shoes. A woman wears a petticoat and, sometimes, a frock. We enforced this rule after careful investigation and it is heartily approved by all the missionaries in the island, of whatever creed. It

used to be the other way; the missionaries insisted that the native women and men clothe themselves, but experience has shown that to the native in that climate any superfluous clothing is harmful, even dangerous.

"The population of Papua, which was decreasing, is now rising," added Mr. Murray. "But there are only 275,000 natives and 1,200 to 1,300 whites in all the great island. One thing we did was to offer a bonus for native babies. The Papuans objected to large families, two children was the limit. Women with more were regarded with contempt. Now, if a woman has four living children, her husband's tax is remitted and she receives an annual bonus of \$1.25 with 25 cents more for each additional child. The idea is to make the mother of a large family a person of importance."

EARTHQUAKES MAY BE LOCATED

Earthquakes have long been classified as a thing of mystery and a study forever. The chief trouble lies in the fact that earthquakes don't operate on schedule. Day after day and week after week, even month after month, the geologists and other scientists visit the scene of the proposed earthquake, but in vain. The earth doesn't quake. Then, after they have given up hope and fail to appear on the observation job, along comes the quake, and finds them unprepared.

Scientists refuse to be thwarted again. They are preparing a quake all their own—one that will operate on schedule and that will furnish them with enough data, they hope, to enable them to calculate the speed of earth tremors and so locate the origin.

Twenty tons of high explosives are to be planted in a deserted mine one mile under the earth's surface. Delicate instruments are now being made and these will be placed at various distances from the scene of action. When all is in readiness, the high explosives will be discharged and the results noted.

Calculations based upon seismographic records are only approximate because the speed of the earth waves, corresponding to the wave lengths in radio, cannot be determined. The speed will be noted in the man-made quake, and it is hoped that sufficient data will be obtained to enable scientists to tell the exact location of a quake by the speed of the earth waves.

There are three lines of force emanating from a quake—two passing through the earth and one wave tremor that travels along the surface.

Still another result may be obtained. Some idea of the construction of the earth's interior may be gained by the experiment. There has been considerable discussion in the world of science on the composition of the interior of the earth. One theory is that rock formation abounds and another is that a molten yet composite mass exists. Scientists hope that their earthquake may shed some light upon the subject.

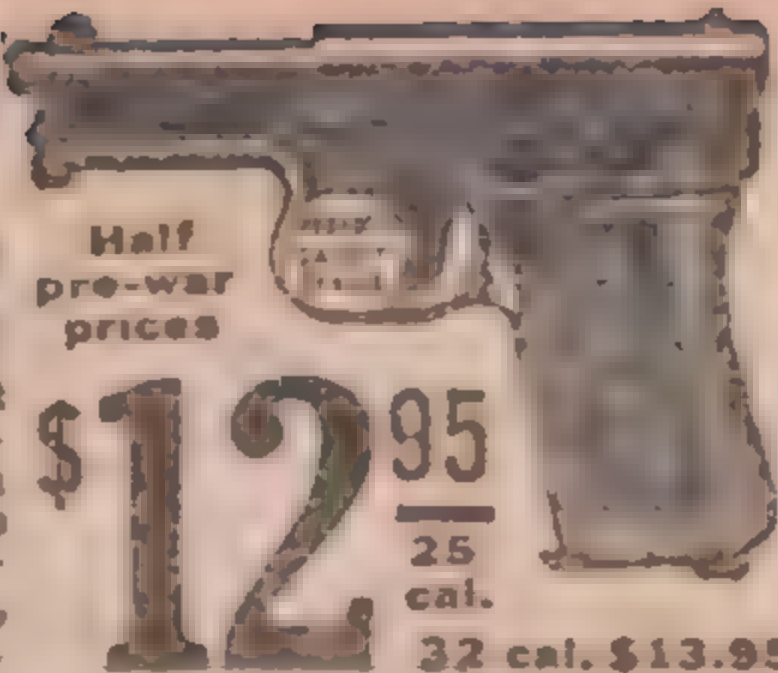
TROUT FIGHTS FOR LIFE 35 MINUTES

A fishing record for New York waters was made the other day when a nineteen-pound brown trout was captured in Loon Lake, near Malone, N. Y., by A. E. Paye. The great fish gave its captor a long and wearing struggle before it surrendered its life.

Mr. Paye, one of the County Supervisors, was fishing in company with E. R. Hayes of Loon Lake, using an Archie spinner and minnow with a steel rod. When the fish struck it was realized that a large catch was hooked but the fishermen thought it was a "laker," which sometimes reaches large size in these waters. They were therefore greatly surprised when it proved to be a brown trout.

From the moment of the strike a battle was on. Again and again in repeated rushes the big fish ran out Mr. Paye's reels until nearly the whole of his line was in water, and at times the tackle was under a terrible strain. The struggle lasted thirty-five minutes before the fish, in exhaustion, gave up. Mr. Paye has entered his prize in a contest for a reel offered by a Malone firm.

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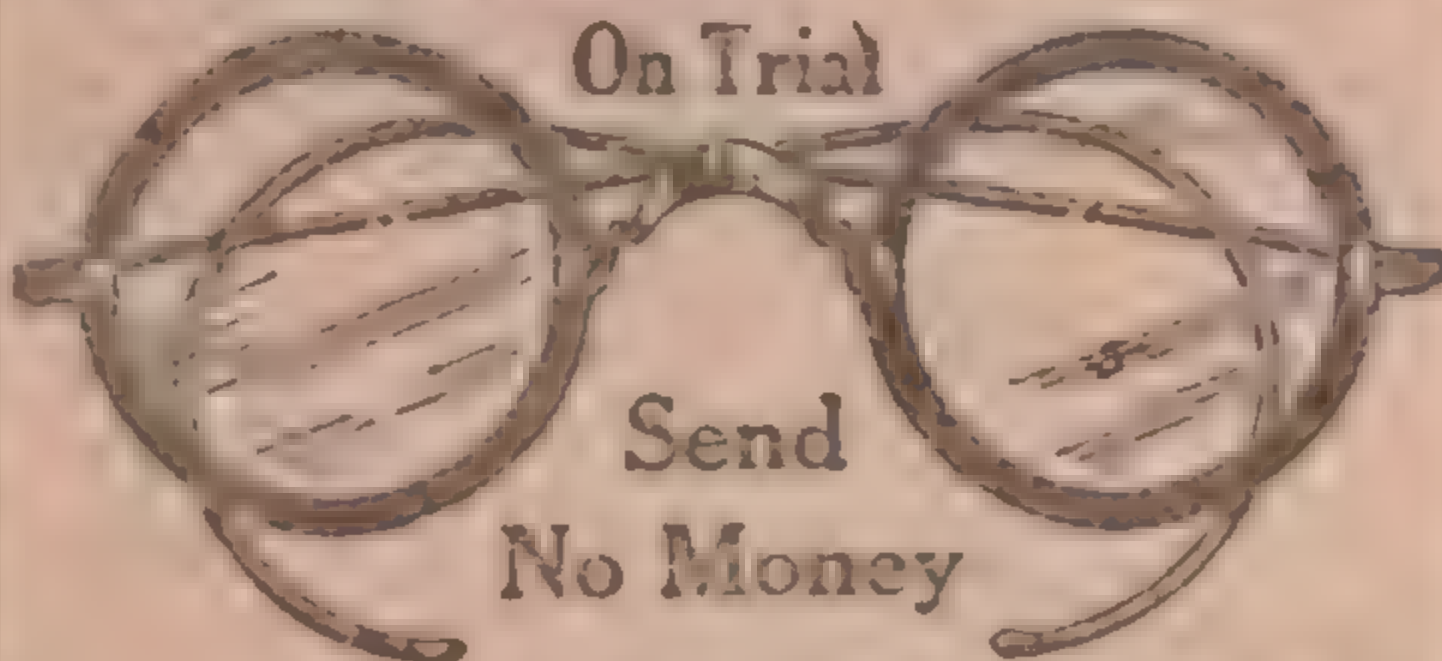
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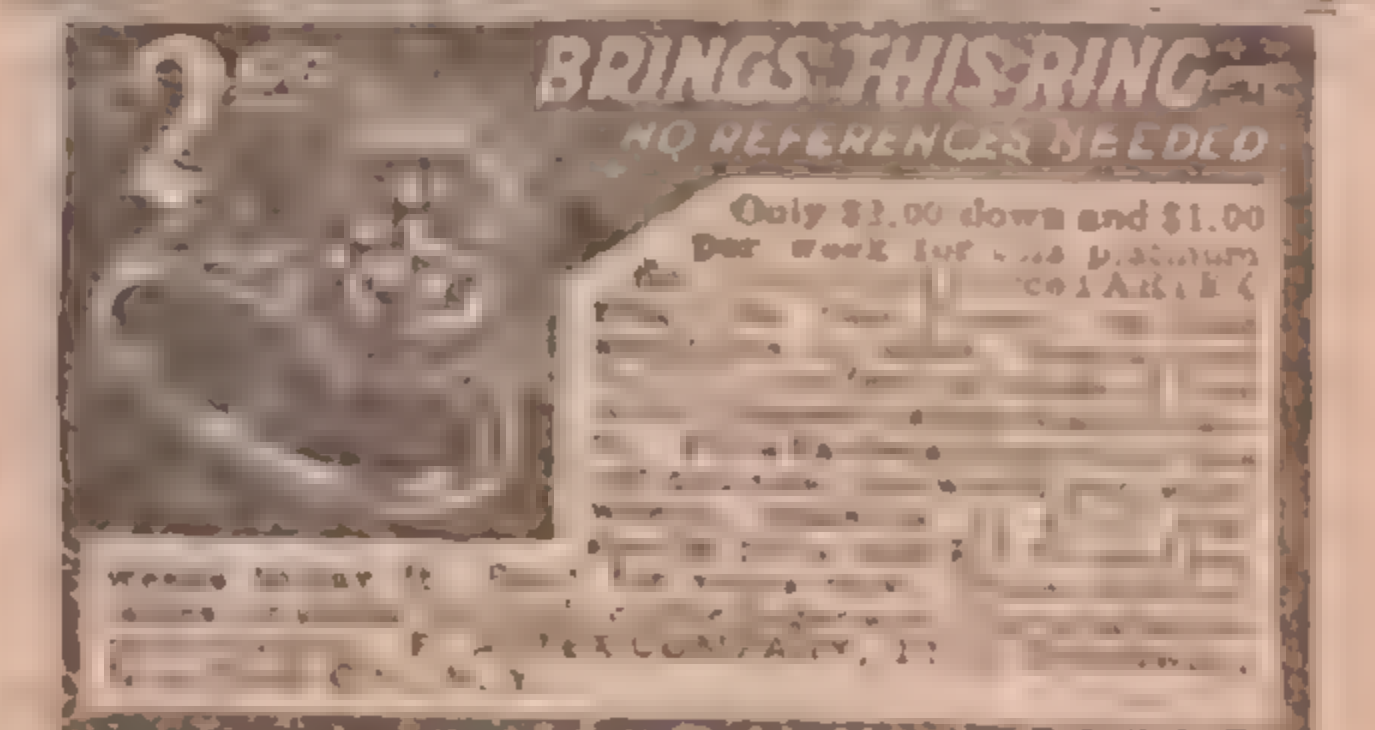
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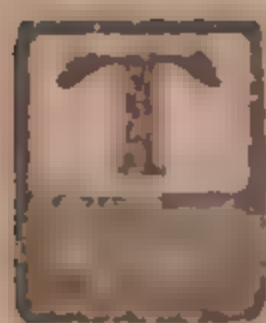
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"Life Ain't in Holdin' a Good Hand, but in Playin' a Poor Hand Well"

By R.C. Templeton



HERE IS NO FINER THING IN THE WORLD than courage. It is the warm and beautiful flame which lights the fires of ambition in every man's soul and burns a forward path through every difficulty.

It is easy to be courageous when the odds are in your favor. But the greater hero is the man who smiles a brave smile when days are darkest and keeps on fighting toward the ultimate goal—"to the last a warrior unafraid."

As Grantland Rice so beautifully expresses it:—

"God grant that in the strife and stress
Which all must face who linger here—
Upon the Field of Hopelessness
Or with the laurel swinging near,
Upon the world's red firing line
The battle of the strong and weak—
The fate of all the Fates be mine—
I will not show the Yellow Streak.

If Fortune play me false or fair—
If, from the shadowlands I creep
Up to the heights and linger there,
Or topple downward to the deep—
On up the rugged path of fame,
Where one man falls—another mounts;
God grant that I play out the game,
For there is nothing else that counts."

As the old cowboy saying goes—"Life ain't in holdin' a good hand, but in playin' a poor hand well."

What if you did have to leave school when you were but a boy! What if you have been working for years at a small salary with little or no chance for advancement! Do you think that makes any difference to a real fighter?

What you have done with your time up to now accounts for what you are Today.

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Your hands can't earn the money you need. But your head can—and *will!*—if you give it the chance.

No matter what your age—your education—or your means, you can get out of the rut and make good in a big way if you grit your teeth and say "I will."

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How much longer are you going to wait before taking the step that is bound to bring you more money? Isn't it better to start now than to wait five years and then realize what the delay has cost you?

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Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, mark and mail this coupon. It takes only a moment of your time, but it is the most important thing you can do today. Right now is the time to say "I will."

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Agency (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> French | |

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

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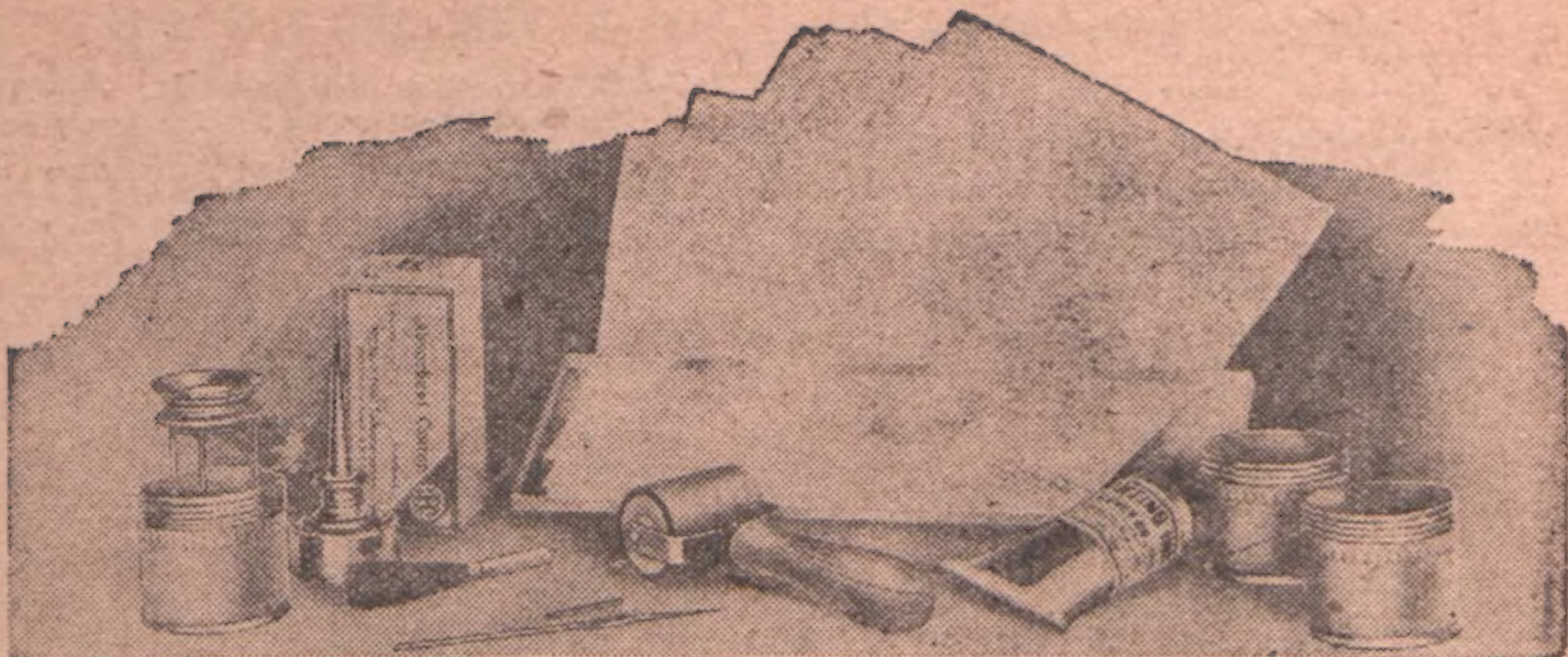
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